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Moments in time

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CLASSIC TRAINS is published quarterly in January (Spring), April (Summer), July (Fall), and October (Winter), (ISSN 1527-0718, USPS No. 019-502) by Kalmbach Publishing Co., 21027 Crossroads Circle, P.O. Box 1612, Waukesha, WI 53187-1612. Periodicals postage paid at Waukesha, Wis., and at additional offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to CLASSIC TRAINS, Kalmbach Publishing Co., 21027 Crossroads Circle, P.O. Box 1612, Waukesha, WI 53187-1612. Canadian International Mail Products Agreement No. 40010760.

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 Phone: (888) 558-1544, ext. 625
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 Fax: (262) 796-0126

Customer service
 Phone: (800) 533-6644
 Outside U.S. and Canada: (262) 796-8776, ext. 421
 E-mail: customerservice@kalmbach.com
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Retail trade orders and inquiries
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Single copy: \$5.95 U.S. Subscription rates: 1 year (4 issues), \$19.95; 2 years (8 issues), \$37.95; 3 years (12 issues), \$52.95. Canadian and foreign: 1 year (4 issues), \$26.00; 2 years (8 issues), \$50.00; 3 years (12 issues), \$72.00. Payable in U.S. funds drawn on U.S. bank (Canadian price includes GST.) BN 12271 3209 RT. Printed in the U.S.A. All rights reserved.

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OUR "GOLDEN YEARS OF RAILROADING," like any historical period, can on one level be viewed simply as a sequence of events. These moments in time might be landmarks or mere footnotes, years in duration or just a few hours.

Several of the articles in this issue are, in one form or another, built around such moments in time. Colorado & Southern's countdown to dieselization, described by Hol Wagner beginning on page 22, lasted several years, but four decades later we can appreciate it as a relatively brief event, with its own unique qualities.

Inspired by North Shore interurbans and Chicago Railroad Fair steam engines, young boys imagined for a few months in the late 1940's that the sidewalks of Winnetka, Ill., were their own railroad system [page 70].

Dick Wallin's 1960 fling as a student fireman on the Wabash [page 34] lasted less than a week, but his trips on F units, PA's, and Geeps are etched in his memory to this day.

Senior Editor Dave Ingles, in recounting his March 1966 long weekend in Virginia and the Carolinas [page 60], provides a snapshot of railroading in the brief, now long-gone season when, among other things, SD35's were new and riding high on Norfolk & Western, Seaboard, and Southern.

And there's the July 1951 afternoon at the B&O-Pennsy junction of Machias, N.Y. [page 46], the first installment of our "One Day at . . ." series. Each issue, we'll present a selection of color photos taken on a single day at a single location in the classic era. In future issues, we'll be visiting Charlotte, Mich.; Kankakee, Ill.; and . . . well, that's partly up to you, for we hope that, in addition to enjoying "One Day at . . .," you'll also send us photos for future installments.

Starting with Machias, N.Y., our new "One Day at . . ." series is keyed to time and place.



MERT LEET

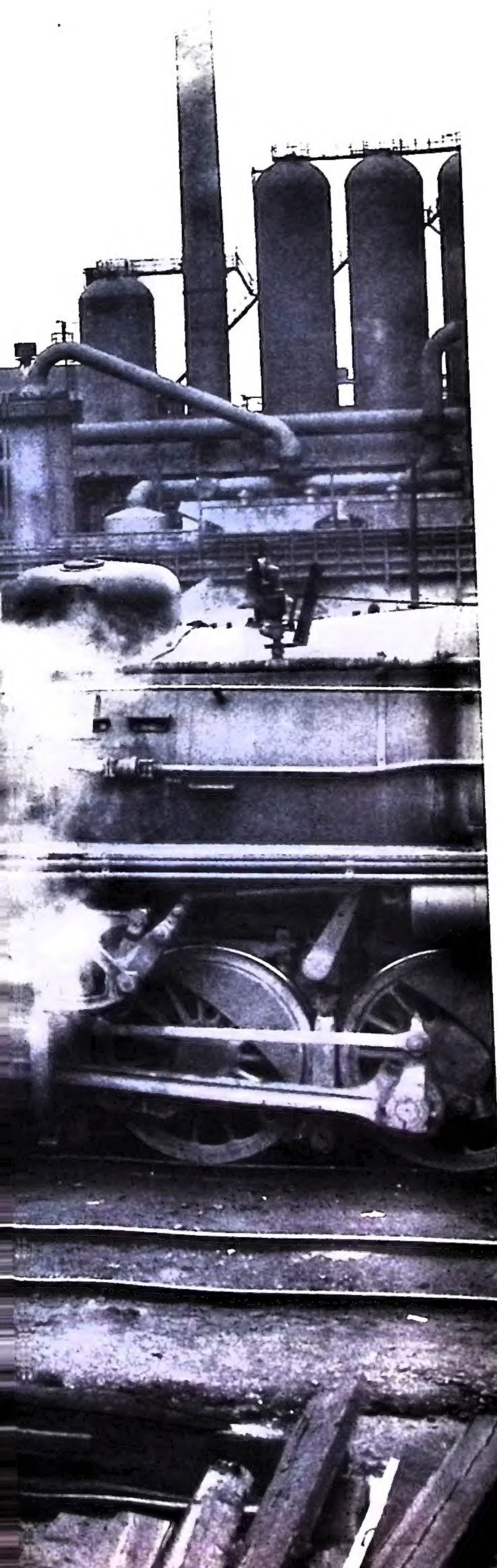
Robert S. McGonigal



ClassicTrains

THE GOLDEN YEARS OF RAILROADING

FALL 2002 • VOLUME 3 NUMBER 3



- 20** Main Line, Branch Line • *By Robert S. McGonigal*
Two aspects of railroading meet at a Lehigh Valley junction.
- 22** Steam's Last Stand on the C&S • *By Hol Wagner*
Unique circumstances forced Burlington's subsidiary to keep the fires lit.
- 34** Fireman (Almost) for a Week (Almost) • *By Richard R. Wallin*
A Wabash career that wasn't to be.
- 38** Cooking on the SP • *By Thomas C. Fleming with Max Millard*
For a 1920's dining-car kitchen crew, life was long hours and hard work.
- 46** One Day at . . . Machias, N.Y. • *Photos by Mert Leet*
Action at an obscure B&O-PRR junction on a July 1951 afternoon.
- 50** David Plowden: Master of the 11th Hour • *By John Gruber*
Disappearing aspects of American life are his stock in trade.
- 60** Carolina Circle • *By J. David Ingles*
A long weekend of secondary trains and Piedmont exploration in 1966.
- 70** Sidewalk Railroading • *By Steven Duff*
Some boys played cowboys and Indians; we ran the North Shore Line.
- 72** Photo Section
NYC third-rail, cab-unit diesels of four builders, Chicago in 1941.
- 78** Owsley and the 1601 • *By Frank Packard*
Fiction from 1919: The strong bond between man and his engine.

3 Editor's Page
Moments in time

6 Contributors
Meet this issue's crew

8 True Color
*Autumn in the Rockies
on Canadian Pacific*

10 Fast Mail
Letters from our readers

14 Fallen Flags
Remembered
*Richmond, Fredericks-
burg & Potomac*

84 A Classic Year
1929

86 The Way it Was
*Tales of railfans
and railroaders*

94 Second Section
*Edgemoor & Manetta:
Perfect Simplicity*

98 Bumping Post
St. Paul Union Depot

ON THE COVER: During the last years of steam on the Colorado & Southern, 2-8-2 807 rolls south at McClellands, Colo., with a sugar-beet extra on November 23, 1957 (see page 22). Jim Ehernberger photo.

LEFT: Disappearing North American icons—a steel mill and steam locomotives (of coal-hauler Sydney & Louisburg)—comprise this 1959 scene at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia (see page 50). David Plowden photo.

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Contributors

Steven Duff ["Sidewalk Railroading," pages 70-71], a retired music teacher, now works as a writer and artist. His fourth novel is scheduled for publication this fall. He has written articles for several periodicals, including "Window in Thrums" about a Canadian Pacific sleeping car in Spring 2001 CLASSIC TRAINS, and his watercolors are in collections in Canada, the U.S., Britain, and France. An enthusiastic sailor and train-watcher, Steven lives in the country near Parry Sound, Ontario, with his wife Debra and the family cat, Rascal.

Thomas Fleming ["Cooking on the Southern Pacific," pages 38-45], became a journalist after his time as a dining-car cook. For more on his life, see page 44.

John Gruber ["David Plowden: Master of the 11th Hour," pages 50-59] is contributing editor of CLASSIC TRAINS; he handles our "Great Photographers" series. An accomplished photographer himself, he also served as editor of *Vintage Rails* magazine. John is president of the Center for Railroad Photography & Art and lives in Madison, Wis.

Frank Packard ["Owsley and the 1601," pages 78-83] was one of America's greatest railroad fiction writers, according to James D. Porterfield, an authority on railroad fiction who selected this Packard story for CLASSIC TRAINS. Packard was born in 1877 in Montreal, albeit of American parents. He was educated in Canada and Europe, went to work as a civil engineer in 1898, and eventually was employed in the shops of the Canadian Pacific. He published his first story in 1906. Packard wrote more than 30 books, gaining his widest following with the Jimmie Dale and Shanghai Jim mysteries.

His first book, *On the Iron at Big Cloud* (1911), was a collection of stories that described life on the Hill Division of a fictitious Western railroad. Packard's distinctive style captures the spirit and manner of early 20th-century mountain railroading. His rugged setting is peopled with characters to match, ranging from engine-wipers through call boys, construction bosses, boarding-house operators, saloon keepers, dispatchers, and a bevy of firemen

and engineers to Master Mechanic Tommy Regan and Superintendent "Royal" Carleton. Together and alone, these men faced circumstances where skill and devotion often mixed with fate to simultaneously produce success and doom.

Packard published three anthologies recounting the experiences of the men of the Hill Division, the others being *The Night Operator* (1919, and the source for "Owsley") and *Running Special* (1925). Packard died in 1942.

Doug Riddell ["Major-League Franchise with a Small-Town Demeanor," pages 14-18] has woven together his lifelong love of trains and his 25-year career as a Seaboard Coast Line and Amtrak en-



gineer, treating readers to an inside look at life on the high iron. Most recently a columnist for Trains.com, Doug began spinning his tales monthly in *Passenger Train Journal* and *Rail-News* magazines. Both printings of his 1999 book,

From the Cab, have sold out. Between trips to Raleigh, N.C., and Washington, D.C., at the throttle of Amtrak's *Silver Star* and *Carolinian*, he is home in suburban Richmond, Va., with his wife, Sandy, and son, Ryan,

Hol Wagner ["Steam's Last Stand on the Colorado & Southern," pages 22-33] is an authority on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and its subsidiaries. His book on the C&S and Fort Worth & Denver, *The Colorado Road*, was published by the Intermountain Chapter, National Railway Historical Society, in 1970. Hol was editor and publisher of the *Burlington Northern Annual* book series from 1970 to 1980, and has edited the *Burlington Route His-*



torical Society's *Burlington Bulletin* magazine since 1982. He was a co-recipient (with Mike Spoor) of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society's Article Award in 1989 for "Teague, Texas, and the Boll Weevil" in the *Burlington Bulletin*.

Wagner received the BRHS Bernard Corbin Memorial Award in 1992 "in recognition of his efforts to preserve the history of the Burlington Route." In his professional life, Hol has been editor of *Rocky Mountain Construction* magazine since 1977. He lives with his wife, Penny, in suburban Denver.

Richard R. "Dick" Wallin ["Fireman (Almost) for a Week (Almost)," pages 34-37]—who notes that, yes, R.R. are his *real* initials—is a St. Louis native, born in 1937. Moving from Webster Groves, Mo., to the nearby suburb of Kirkwood at age 8, he witnessed the constant parade of steam doubleheaders on Missouri Pacific's main line to Kansas City. He was old enough to photograph steam in revenue service from New



York Central in the East to Union Pacific in the West, and most roads in between that hadn't dieselized, but he credits CLASSIC TRAINS' Dave Ingles, whom he met on a 1959 C&S steam special, with conveying to him the concept that there is "Life After Steam."

After graduating from Millikin University in Decatur, Ill., Dick embarked on a 31-year accounting career with Central Illinois Public Service in Springfield, Ill., retiring in 1993. He was a founding officer of the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio Historical Society, and has authored a book on GM&O as well as one on the hometown Chicago & Illinois Midland. An avid rail slide photographer and seller, he also collects airline memorabilia and still travels the country attending transportation collectibles shows. He says he gets the most enjoyment from maintaining the hobby friendships he has established, some of which go back 50 years. ■

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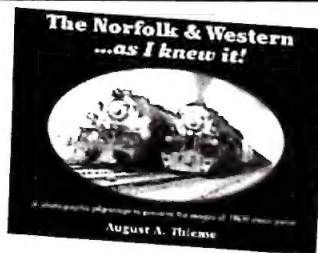
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Autumn in the Rockies

We're deep in the majestic Canadian Rockies, standing on the shoulder of the Trans-Canada Highway at Glenogle, British Columbia, 7.3 miles east of Golden, overlooking the Mountain Subdivision of Canadian Pacific's Revelstoke Division on September 20, 1970. The sounds of the rushing Kicking Horse River mingle with the chant of twin 567 engines straining upgrade as GP9's 8810 and 8832 nurse a boxcar train east toward Field. Standing out among the drab 40-footers is a car in the new CP Rail image, introduced in mid-1968.

JAMES A. BROWN







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WILLIAM B. WOLVERTON JR.

An enduring hot spot

Hal Lewis' "Hoosier Hot Spot" [pages 76-83, Summer] brought a sense of *déjà vu*, though I've never been to Lafayette, Ind. My father, William B. Wolverton Jr., attended Purdue 1934-1939, graduating with a degree in Railway Mechanical Engineering. He also spent much time around the railroads there, including at Lafayette Junction, always with his camera, and recorded some of the same locomotives Lewis did 10 years later.

When Dad left our world in 1992, I inherited his photo collection. Unfortunately, he had not recorded pertinent information about most of them, but the late CLASSIC TRAINS author Bob Aldag ["Denting NYC's Last Steam Bastion," Spring 2001] also was at Purdue in those years. He and Dad were best friends from then to the end, and Bob was able to identify most of my father's photos.

The map is especially enlightening, and helps in understanding the photos.

William H. Wolverton
Escalante, Utah

Lewis didn't mention a fifth "railroad" in the Lafayette area: Purdue University's 1 mile or so of track and center-cab diesel that interchanged with the NKP/NYC to obtain coal for the West Lafayette campus power plant. More information on this is in the National Railway Historical Society *Bulletin*, Vol. 66, No. 1, 2001.

Harry Noble
Xenia, Ohio

By boat, no doubt

In "By Train to Cedar Point" [pages 86-87], J. David Ingles could not recall

Monon 4-6-2 421 rattles the Big Four/Nickel Plate diamonds at Lafayette Junction, Ind., with train 5.

whether he took the boat or a bus from the Sandusky (Ohio) pier were the B&O RDC's parked to Cedar Point. Very likely they took the boat. It was possible to drive to the park, but that route was 10 miles around, and the shorter road had not been built. Sandusky is my hometown, but I'd left for college by 1966 and did not know the RDC's had visited.

While attending Purdue I was a member of the Purdue Railroad Club with Tony Koester, Bill Wischer, and others, and we, too, could be found at the Lafayette Junction tower. Author Lewis visited the club during this time and gave a print to Tony, editor of the new Nickel Plate Road Historical & Technical Society's newsletter. Tony used the photo—a fine shot of NKP Pacific 169 bringing train 21 out of Lafayette in 1949—in the first Society calendar, for 1968.

Jon W. Marx
St. Louis, Mo.

East is not east

Being a Connecticut Yankee, I have spent many days enjoying Cape Cod. The "Tip of the Cape" photo [page 98] was informative, as I didn't have a good idea of what the New Haven's Provincetown terminus looked like. And not to be picky, but Provincetown was not the "eastern extremity" of the NH—that was the branch-line town of Chatham, Mass. On the Cape, you must go east, north, and then west to reach Provincetown.

Timothy J. Ryan
Clinton, Conn.

Young's wonderful work

I've been taking pictures of railroads for nearly 35 years, but after looking at William S. Young's wonderful photographs [pages 64-73], I'm tempted to put my camera in the street and run over it.

Ashley Kennedy
Evanston, Ill.

An artist's "just reward"

Please give credit (where it is definitely due) to the artist who is responsible for the excellent watercolor painting of the Santa Fe caboose on pages 20-21.

Patrick K. Moore
Columbus, Ohio

¶ *Kalmbach* illustrator Rick Johnson did the work. See "Second Section" for details on how.—J.D.I.

Wrong way in Pasadena

What a delight to see one of my favorite photo views on page 27 ["Master of the L.A. Division"] of the Summer issue. I grew up in Pasadena, and I graduated from high school in 1958, the year of the photo. The caption needs correction, though. The train has just departed Pasadena station and is heading north toward the sharp curve that will turn it east toward San Bernardino. Since the shadows indicate mid-day, the train is probably the eastbound *Chief*.

Gary Green
Aptos, Calif.

Gordon Glattenberg is too precise a man to have labeled this scene as a westbound *Super Chief*. It is one of Gordon's nicest shots and invokes memories of how Santa Fe showed the railroad world how to operate truly super trains. As a retired Santa Fe "rail," the articles warmed my heart with a full load of nostalgia, and that's what CLASSIC TRAINS is all about!

Jack Whitmeyer
Redondo Beach, Calif.

¶ *Photographer Glattenberg confirms it is train 20, the Chief. The caption error was our fault, not his.*—J.D.I.

The portion recounting switching in the fog without radios is a great lesson to

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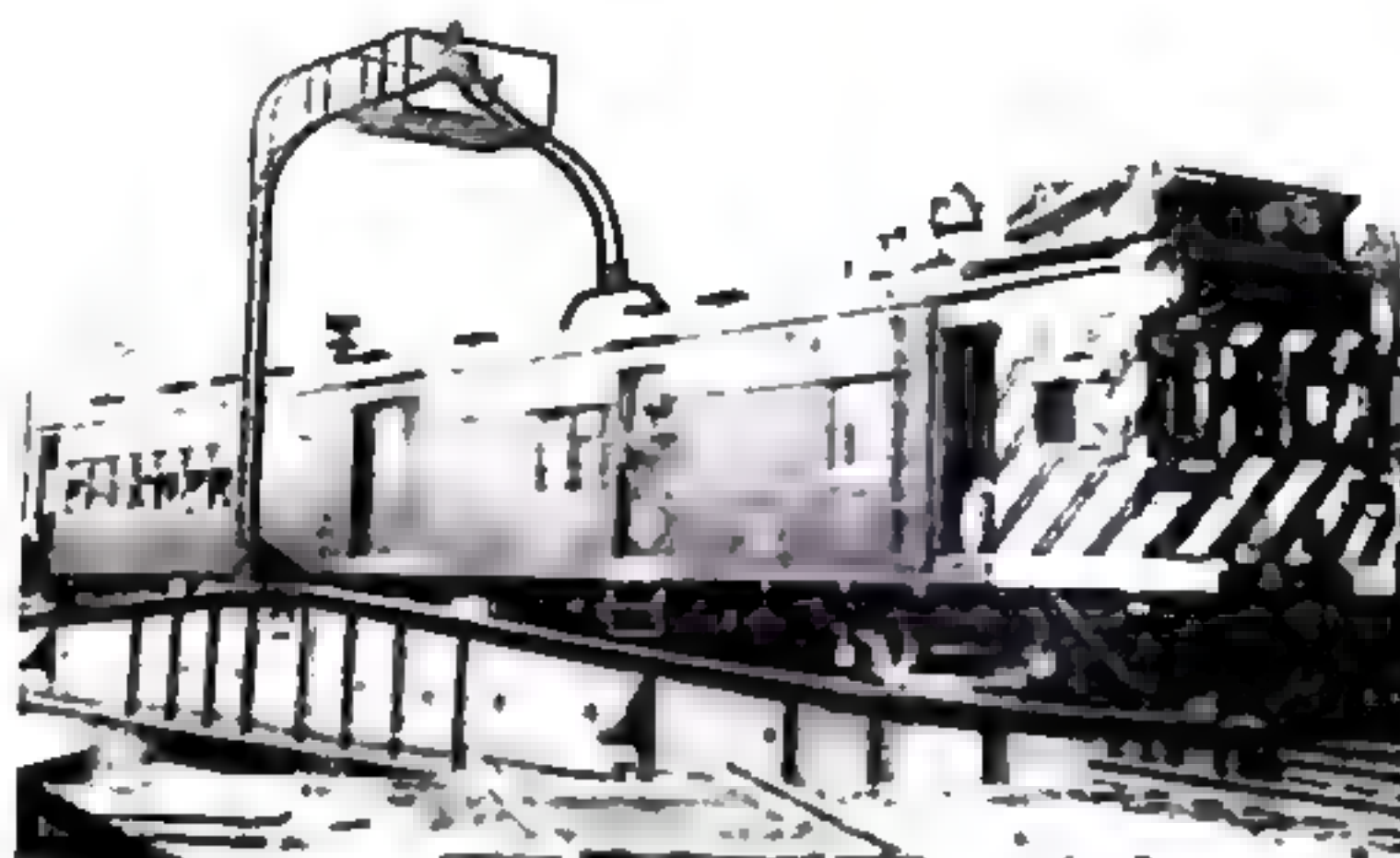
Fast Mail

today's new hires that one can railroad without a radio. It's also an example that the concept of a "job briefing" has been a part of the industry for a long time.

T. L. Hunt
Adrian, Mich.

To the roundhouse, please

Yes, as Dave Ingles mentioned in the Pekin District sidebar [pages 32-33], the motor car turned—passengers and all—on a turntable. Fully loaded, the car would back out of Chicago's Dearborn Station to Santa Fe's engine terminal at 18th Street, go onto the turntable, and into the roundhouse for servicing, including, apparently, fueling! The car then left for Pekin from the turntable.



JOHN R. WILLIAMS COLLECTION

Railfans, naturally, knew of this, and over Labor Day 1941 weekend, a group [above] that included the late John R. Williams made an excursion to St. Louis via the slowest available route: Santa Fe to Pekin, and an overnight stay; Chicago & Illinois Midland to Springfield; and interurban Illinois Terminal to St. Louis.

At one time Chicago Great Western advertised a mixed train on a branch out of Fort Dodge, Iowa, which operated "to and from the roundhouse," but Santa Fe's motor is the only train I know of that operated into a roundhouse

Charles H. Stats
Oak Park, Ill.

The location of the church referred to in the Pekin District sidebar is the unincorporated hamlet of Groveland, Ill., just west of Morton, on Sheridan Road, also known as Lick Creek Road. In the late 1950's, I got to know the Pekin station agent, the late Art Heubach, quite well, and learned a lot from him.

W. J. McGinty
Marseilles, Ill.

Famous train, famous people

I enjoyed "Conductor to the Stars" [pages 34-39]. A good book, "The Super Chief—Train of the Stars," by Stan Repp, fully covers the history of the *Super Chief*, and has a lot of information on the famous people who rode the train.

Ben Bloodworth
Evansville, Ind.

Why would Conductor Jack Kuhn, a Pullman Company employee, have on his business card the AT&SF references rather than the Pullman Company logo and reference? This article sparked my memory of selling Pullman tickets as a railroad company agent.

Mark S. Womack
Chattanooga, Tenn.

¶ Jack says the railroads furnished cards to Pullman conductors who worked their trains regularly, though he never got one from UP, so the practice apparently wasn't universal. He also has one from Rock Island when he worked the Golden State, a train profiled in our next issue.—R.S.M.

A welcome return

I appreciated Roger Grant's "William White: Railroad Leader" [pages 60-63], especially regarding White's management of the Lackawanna. I was raised on the DL&W and lived in the quarters of its Lyndhurst (N.J.) station. Like many people, I was sickened by its takeover by the Erie. I left the EL and went to work for the Nickel Plate in New York City. I was happy to see White go back, clean up the railroad, and restore the DL&W colors.

James H. Allan
Lake Hopatcong, N.J.

Photo perches of yesteryear

I loved Dave Ingles' two Ann Arbor Railroad photos at Durand, Mich., on pages 54-55, including the angle they were taken from [the top of a freight car, with train crewmen present]. Today one would likely find himself collared if he attempted to make a photo like that.

Joe Geronimo
Johnson City, N.Y.

Adding up the Joes

An apparent error on page 84 eludes me. Writing about the Little Joe elec-

trics, you state that 20 locomotives were constructed. Later, you state that "... Milwaukee Road asks for all 20, but has to settle for 12 (South Shore Line gets 3, and Brazil's Paulista Railway 6)."

Jim Lane
Terre Haute, Ind.

¶ Five, not six, went to Brazil.—R.S.M.

Atlanta: hub of the South

Parker Lamb's Atlanta station article ["Crossroads of the South," pages 40-49] brought back memories. I was a student at Georgia Tech in the late 1950's and often rode the train to school from my home in Memphis. I'd board Frisco's *Kansas City-Florida Special* in mid-morning; Southern took over at Birmingham, arriving Terminal Station about 10 p.m.

Returning home was an overnigher by any route, but usually I'd catch a Cincinnati-bound train about 6 p.m. and change at Chattanooga to Southern's *Tennessean*, which arrived in Memphis about 8 a.m. We were a one-car family, and my dad drove to work, so I'd get off at Buntyn station near the Fairgrounds, walk across the street, and catch a No. 9 city bus (electric at the time), which after a 15-minute ride would let me off less than a block from my house.

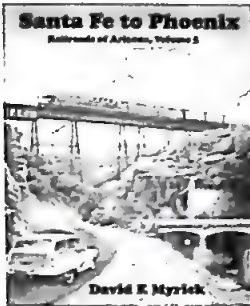
Barry Pickett
West Hartford, Conn.

My favorite photo was Lamb's of ACL E3 501 on train 102, which I rode many times in the '50's. As he noted, Southern inaugurated Atlanta's first diesel streamliner, the *Southerner*, in 1941. The first streamlined train to the city, though, was the Chicago-Miami *Dixie Flagler*, which began service in December 1940 with streamlined steam locomotives.

Larry Goolsby
Kensington, Md.

The shot by Richard E. Prince Jr. on page 49 of NC&StL's *Dixie Flyer* was the cover photo on a 1973 RCA Victor LP album, "The Jimmie Rodgers Story," by the late country singer Hank Snow. On it, Albert Fullam, a 50-year Southern engineer, says a few words about "the singing brakeman" before Snow's first song.

Michael J. Gleason
Mendota, Ill. □



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John Dziobko Jr., whose favorite railroad is the Pennsylvania Railroad, started shooting color slides in the early 1950's. Currently available from this extensive collection are sets of Pennsy steam, diesels and electric power, as well as a set of Jersey Central. Other roads, Lehigh Valley and New York Central, just to name a couple, will be offered in upcoming lists.

Bill McClellan, who has had his work published extensively in the last few years, has made sets available, some dating back to the early 1950's. Bill especially liked Blue Ridge on the Norfolk and Western and the Enola, PA area on the Pennsylvania. Sets featuring these two locations are in current sets.

From his extensive traction collection, Richard Andrews has supplied some extremely difficult to locate lines, namely Municipal Railway of St. Petersburg, Tampa Electric Railway, Detroit's Department of Street Railways, Reading (PA) Street Railways, Birmingham Electric, Lehigh Valley Transit and the Memphis Street Railway. The ordering time on these sets is short, so if you are interested, please contact me right away.

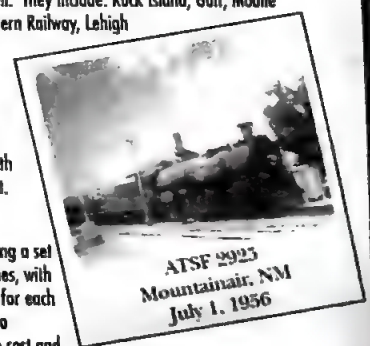
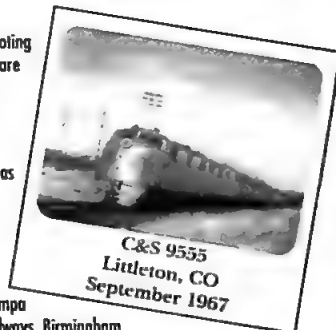
Present lists include more of Bill Price's Western Maryland, Baltimore and Ohio, and Norfolk and Western, as well as Grand Trunk Western and Canadian National steam. Well-known electric and traction photographer, Truman Hefner, has two fifty slide sets available, one each on Illinois Terminal and Chicago Surface Lines, all from the early 1950's. More Union Pacific action is available from the Jack Pfeifer collection. Some of Jack's work is showcased in his book "West From Omaha". There is also a set showing the last days of the Omaha and Council Bluffs, several showing an operating snow sweeper.

In addition to the above listed items, other railroads are currently available as well. They include: Rock Island, Gulf, Mobile and Ohio, Santa Fe, Great Northern, Boston and Maine, Monon, Clinchfield, Southern Railway, Lehigh and Hudson River, Delaware and Hudson, Seaboard Air Line, Wabash, Conrail, Illinois Central, Toledo, Peoria and Western, Western Pacific, Denver and Rio Grande Western, Burlington Northern Santa Fe, Katy, New Haven, Nickel Plate, Southern Pacific, Erie, Central of Georgia, Chicago and Eastern Illinois, Missouri Pacific and Northern Pacific. Traction sets include Pacific Electric, Chicago, North Shore and Milwaukee, Los Angeles Street Railway, Chicago, South Shore and South Bend, Denver Tramway, St. Louis Public Service, British Columbia and Niagara, St. Catharines and Ontario.

All Sets are run in-house, using only Kodak film and processing. Anyone receiving a set they do not like, can return it for a full refund. Two lists are available at all times, with each list describing over 650 slides. Each list gives consists, locations and dates for each slide in a set. A new list will become available every two months and sent out to everyone on the mailing list. All sets are available on a limited time basis. The cost and size of these sets range from ten slides (\$11) to twenty (\$21) to the largest sets at fifty slides (\$48). Quantity discounts are available, and for customer convenience, we accept both Visa and MasterCard.

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Major-league franchise with a small-town demeanor

Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac linked the North and the South with a flat, straight, double-track raceway

FOR MOST OF THE 157 YEARS it "linked North and South" under its original name, the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad was the coveted brass ring dangling just beyond the grasp of rival politicians, vying financiers, and warring armies. Even at the bitter end, a tense proprietary struggle ensued before the Commonwealth of Virginia, with its 20 percent stake, finally abdicated guardianship of the rich little railroad in 1991, allowing its vast real-estate holdings (which included priceless metropolitan Richmond and northern Virginia acreage) to be shorn from RF&P's 113 miles of double-track main line.

CSX, successor to RF&P's long-time suitors, gained control of the railroad physical plant, while the Virginia State Retirement System kept control of the trackless real estate under the auspices of the RF&P Corp. Even custody of its Washington Redskins NFL season tickets figured into the final dissolution. (Once given away as inducements to generate passenger traffic, the ducats were later used as a means by which to solicit the ears of the influential.) Ownership of RF&P's lone business car, heavyweight *One* (no mere numeral for it!), was no less hotly contested.

Symbolic of RF&P's monopoly on Florida passenger service north of Richmond is this lineup of E and F units on five trains at Broad Street station, whose balloon-track orientation resulted in all trains, regardless of direction, pointed north.

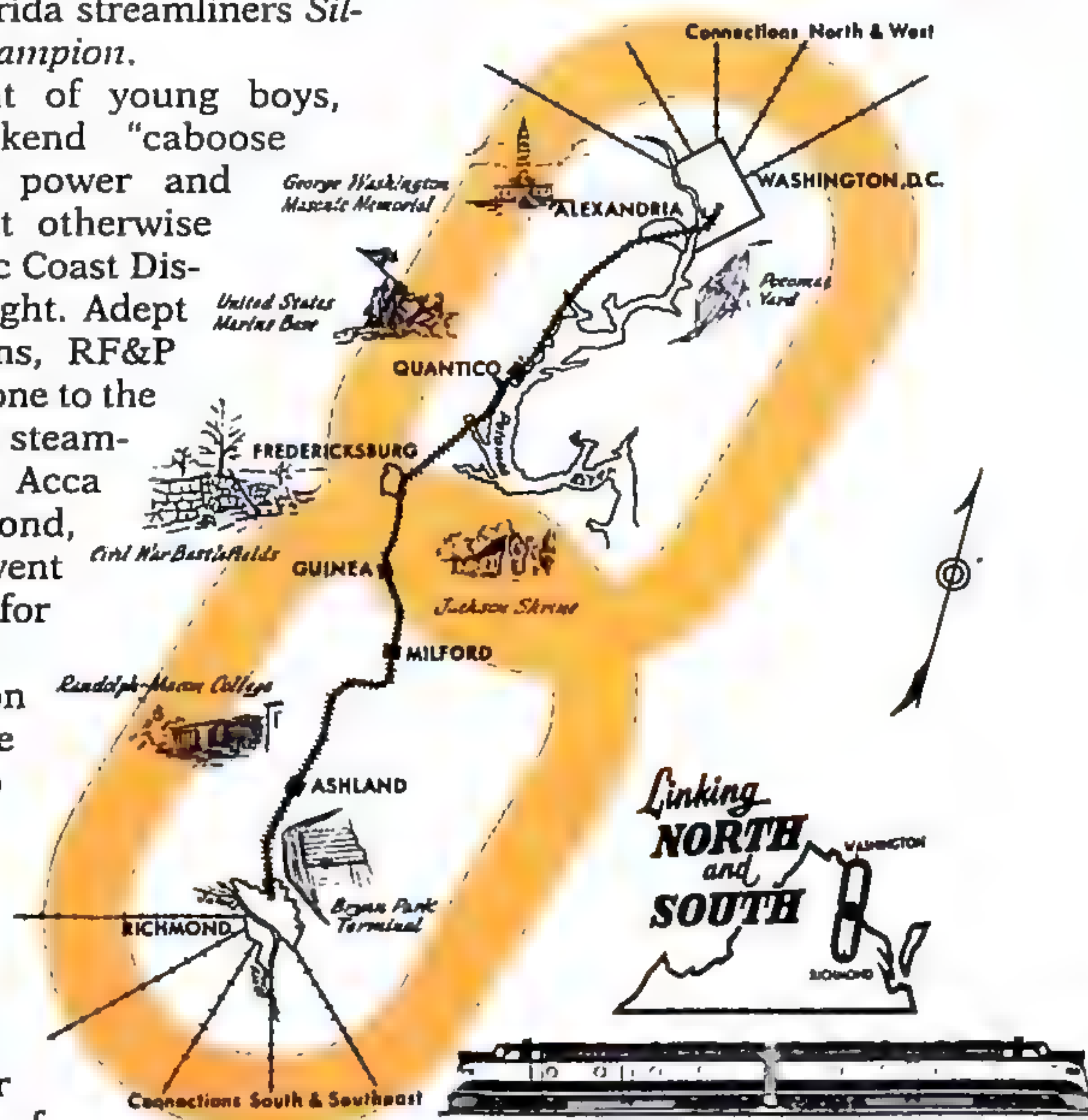
RF&P was a major-league franchise with a small-town demeanor. There was so much kinship on the payroll that employee gatherings often resembled family reunions. Although its main line was as busy as any in the country, each year freight crews arriving at Potomac Yard on the north end on Christmas Eve were allowed to return to Richmond "cab light" (engines and caboose only) to be at home. Santa Claus Specials received no less preference en route than the tony Florida streamliners *Silver Meteor* and *Champion*.

To the delight of young boys, RF&P ran weekend "caboose trains" utilizing power and rolling stock that otherwise forwarded Atlantic Coast Dispatch redball freight. Adept at public relations, RF&P even invited everyone to the demolition of the steam-era facilities at Acca Yard in Richmond, proclaiming the event "Topple the Tipple for Progress."

Restrictions on clearances in the tunnel leading to Washington Union Station dictated the design of RF&P's passenger steam locomotives, which were named to honor legendary generals of

the Confederacy, governors of Virginia, and other prominent men of the Old Dominion. The arrival of 20 E8 diesels (15 A's and 5 B's)—painted, naturally, in blue and gray with gold trim—was toasted on a statewide broadcast by Gov. William Tuck.

A flat, straight raceway, RF&P in dieseldom eschewed dynamic braking, six-axle freight power, and—after its 22 Alco S2's built from World War II-restrictive 1942 through 1948—anything



STEVEN DOYCHAK

By Doug Riddell



DAVID B. DAVIES

non-EMD. (The Alcos were replaced by 5 SW1200's and 9 SW1500's in the late '60's.) Rare indeed are photos that don't feature duets or trios of RF&P's 20 spit-shine-polished F7's of 1949-50 or (later) 8 GP35's and 7 GP40's traversing its meticulously maintained right of way. (RF&P's last new units were 7 GP40-2's in 1972.) An RF&P tradition, shared as far as is known only by the South Shore Line, was "directional diesels"—even-numbered units pointed north and odd-numbered units pointed south. Freight locomotives regularly averaged 1½ daily round trips, often ending with a steam-cleaning of running gear and ventilation systems performed at the road's Bryan Park Shops.

Although it was surveyed in 1834 and granted, in an 1851 charter, the right to forge north to Alexandria, RF&P didn't reach the Potomac River until after the Civil War when PRR subsidiary Washington Southern (the combined Alexandria & Washington and Alexandria & Fredericksburg) marched south to join it at Quantico in 1872. This was completed an all-rail route between Richmond and Washington.

Granted route exclusivity by the Virginia legislature for 30 years, RF&P had crept from Richmond only 20 miles to

The inevitable merger is already predicted in December 1986 as RF&P hustles CSX's *Orange Blossom Special* freight south near Aquia, Va., behind GP's painted for RF&P, CSX components Seaboard System and Chessie System, and CSX itself. RF&P's pioneering train-control and cab-signal system required its own units to lead.

the South Anna River when service began in 1836. By year's end it entered Fredericksburg. Travelers endured a journey by train, stagecoach, and steamship to reach Washington until rails were laid north to Aquia Creek in 1842. The belief that the American Civil War would be ended by the capture of either Richmond or Washington meant that the RF&P was under almost constant attack, someplace. When hostilities erupted in 1861, barges laden with complete trains including locomotives, Union soldiers, munitions, and supplies intended for the bloody sieges of Fredericksburg were floated down the Potomac to the Aquia Creek railhead.

RF&P was continually ravaged by flanking Confederate cavalry or intentionally sabotaged by retreating Union forces. The rebuilding of the Potomac Creek trestle in 1862 remains an engineering legend, accomplished in a record nine working days by troops under

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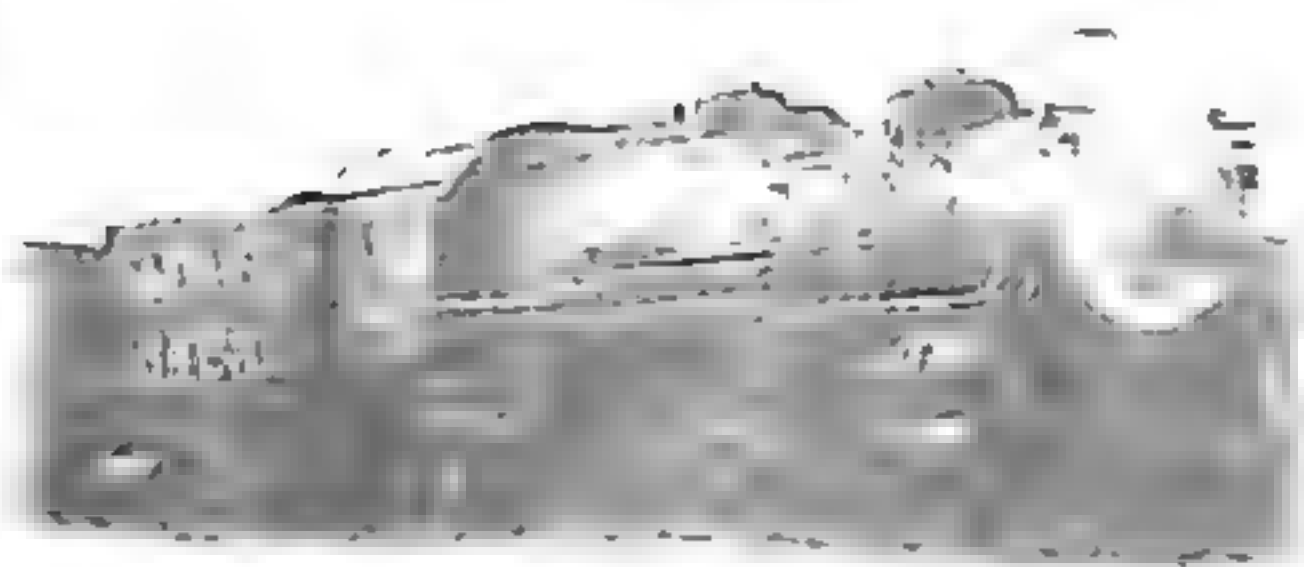
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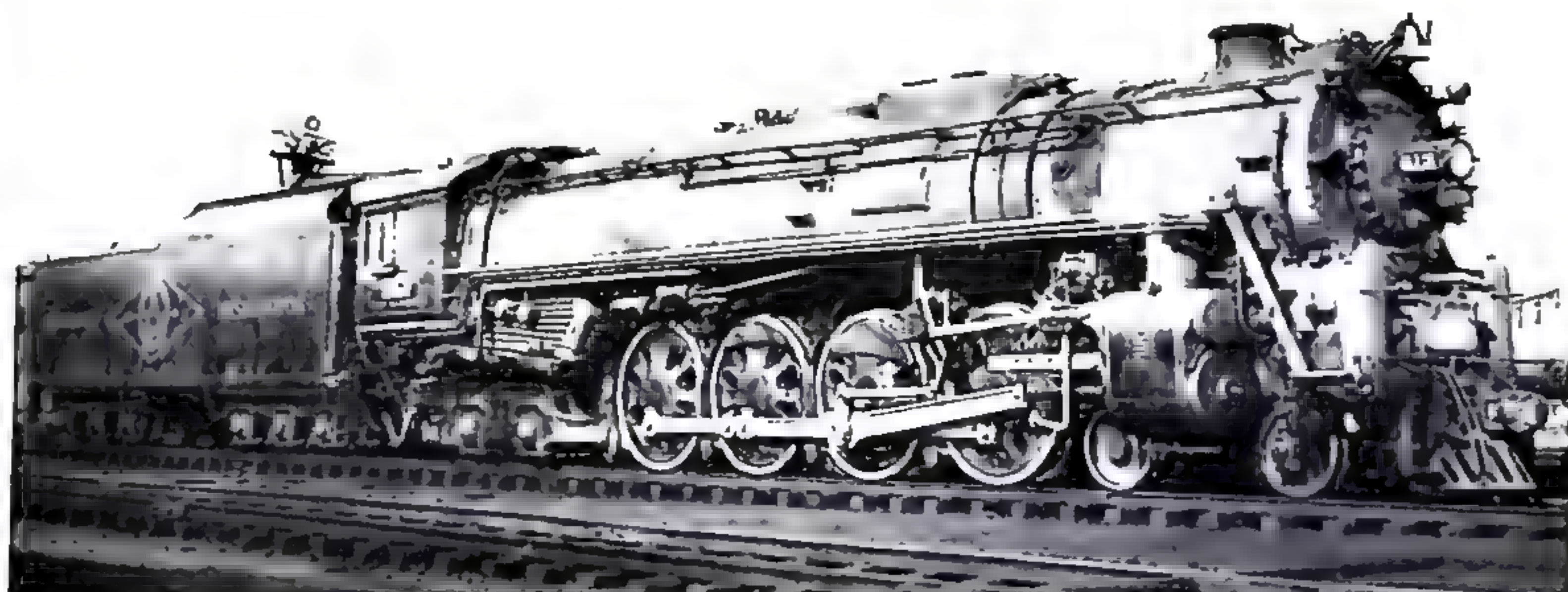
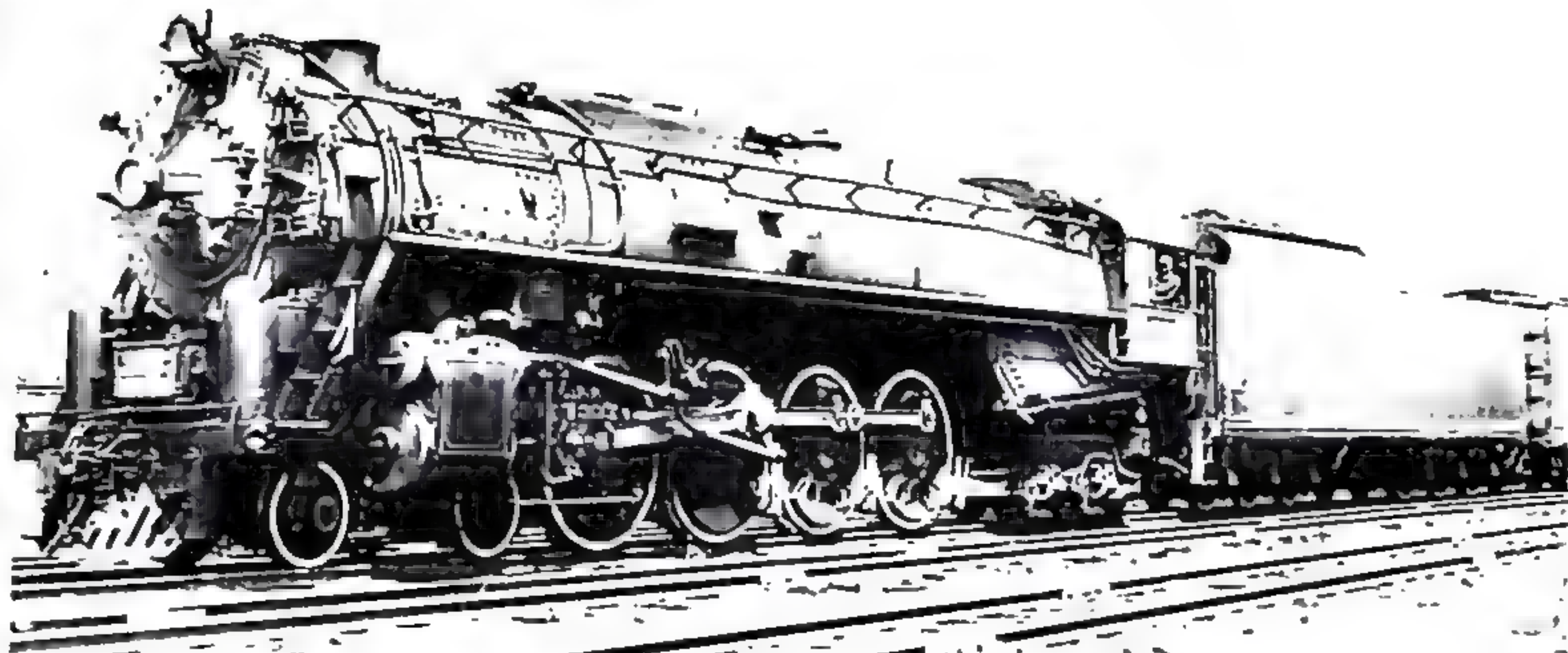
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the command of U.S. Military Railroad Construction Corps superintendent Gen. Herman Haupt. An astonished President Abraham Lincoln, upon seeing the hastily erected wooden structure, marveled that it appeared to be built of nothing more than bean poles and corn stalks.

Although financially and physically devastated by the war, RF&P was a gateway to the "New South" and immediately benefited from a surge in freight and an influx of passengers. Admittedly, many of the latter were "carpetbaggers," as locals referred to the opportunistic entrepreneurs who resurrected the Old South at considerable profit to themselves. The railroad, while in the enviable position to simply collect tribute for permitting the exchange of raw materials and finished product, actively courted industrial development that generated much on-line business that provided a desperately needed boost to the economy of Virginia.

The battle for control of the "Rich-

mond-Washington Line," as RF&P also called itself, escalated when the war ended. Finally, in 1901, its six connecting railroads (Atlantic Coast Line, Seaboard Air Line, Southern, Chesapeake & Ohio, Baltimore & Ohio, and Pennsylvania) agreed not only to share equal ownership and handling of traffic through the newly incorporated Richmond-Washington Company, but built and granted trackage rights into newly constructed Washington Union Station.

The heavily traveled route was double-tracked during 1902-07. Meantime, Potomac Yard south of Washington was opened in 1906 and operated under a shared equity formula. An ambitious project that culminated with the 1919 opening of Richmond's Broad Street Station, designed by John Russell Pope, had the added advantage of eliminating street-running in downtown Richmond. The station had an innovative "loop" track arrangement whereby all trains pointed north regardless of direction of travel. Until a



HERBERT H. HARWOOD JR.

In steam, RF&P was best known for its named 4-8-4's (opposite page), but in 1943 it needed freight power fast and bought 10 Lima 2-8-4's, identical to Nickel Plate S-1's 730-739; one of the RF&P 571-580 series descended Franconia Hill in 1947 (above). RF&P 552 *General T. J. Jackson* was at Potomac Yard right after delivery in 1937 (top left); 613 *John Marshall* (left) was the first of 10 named for famous Virginians.

1970's structure was built adjacent to Acca Yard, RF&P's general offices remained in Broad Street, which was operated by the jointly owned (with ACL) Richmond Terminal Company.

Early RF&P trains were directed by timetable and train order, later augmented by the telegraph. The first semaphore signals appeared in 1897, replaced by color-light signals in 1930's. The road's quaint wooden interlocking towers survived long enough that at least one of the brick structures which replaced them was itself supplanted by Centralized Traffic Control before being put into use!

While RF&P's double track was signaled for reverse running, its innovative (but incompatible) 60Hz train-control and cab-signal system, which dated to the steam era, negated the need for wayside signals on the opposite side of the right of way except at interlockings. This also effectively thwarted encroachment by foreign-line power. Except for a few retrofitted

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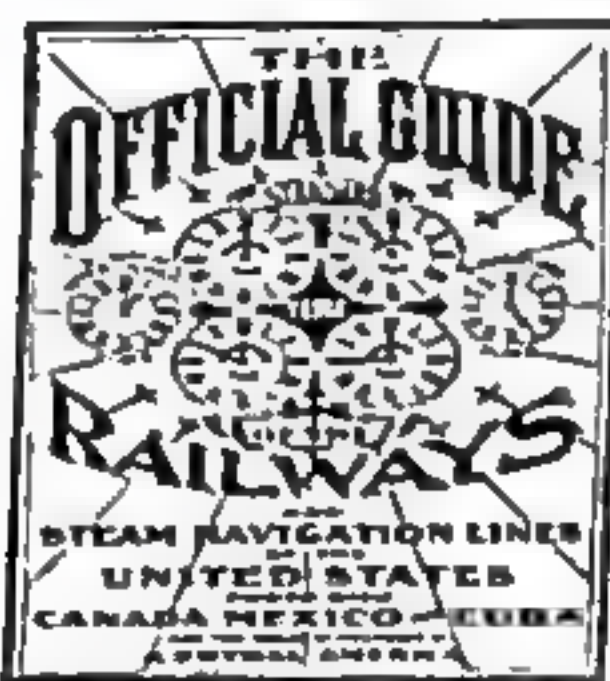
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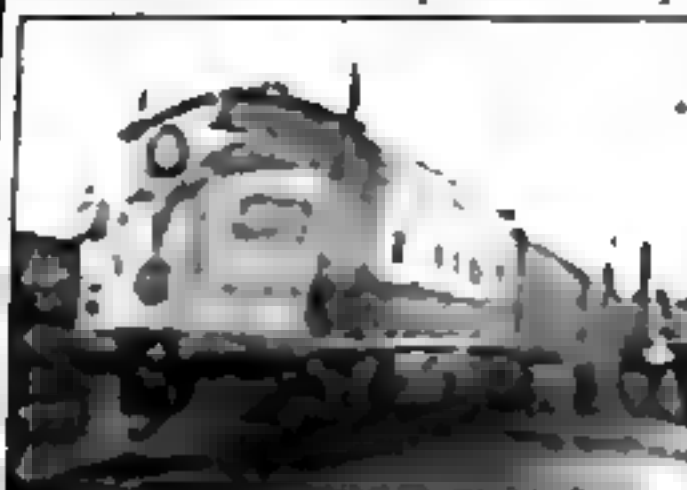
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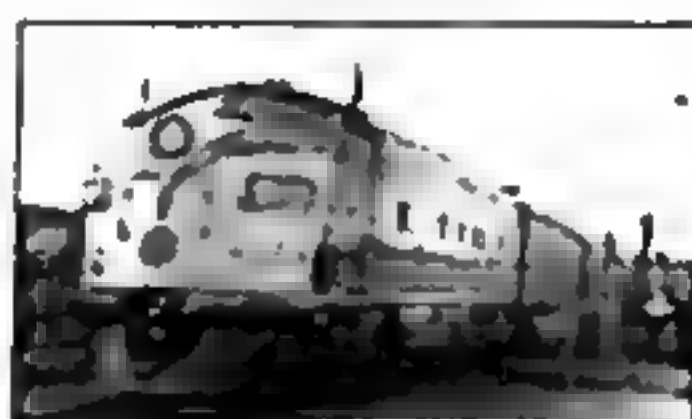
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Fallen Flags Remembered

Chessie locomotives, newer and mightier CSX and Conrail behemoths were still obliged to humbly trail older, four-axle blue-and-gray EMD's between Acca and "Pot Yard" until the late 1990's, when the Alexandria facility was bulldozed and transformed into a characterless big-box retail center and the train control system converted to Northeast Corridor-standard 100Hz.

Excluding the 3-mile James River Branch, ACL's grand arched entrance into Richmond, the RF&P had but one offshoot: 10 miles of an acquired government line to the Dalghren Naval Testing Grounds. Other than an egregious miscalculation of capacity that resulted in the unfortunate construction of a single-track replacement bridge over Quantico Creek in the early 1990's (today the bane of CSX dispatchers, Virginia Railway Express commuters, and Amtrak passengers), little has changed physically on the RF&P since the line was straightened and double-tracked a century ago.

The embattled property has finally been conquered and divided, and today CSX operates the line as the RF&P and Richmond Terminal Subdivisions. But consider this: While it appears that every effort has been made to erase the last vestige of Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac glory from the Virginia Piedmont, aside from displaying huge letters on their flanks, most of the locomotives that daily ply the hallowed rails today are still blue and gray. ■

RF&P fact file

(comparative figures are for 1929 and 1990)

Route-miles: 118; 113

Locomotives: 101; 31

Passenger cars: 117; 41 (1970)

Freight cars: 1318; 1876

Headquarters city: Richmond, Va.

Notable postwar passenger trains: Participated in operation of New York-Florida trains of Seaboard Air Line (*Silver fleet*) and Atlantic Coast Line (*Champions*).

Recommended reading: *One Hundred Fifty Years of History Along the RF&P*, by William E. Griffin (RF&P, 1983).

Source: *The Historical Guide to North American Railroads* (Kalmbach, 1999).



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Glory Days

Main line, branch line



IN A RITUAL once observed at innumerable locations across the continent, Lehigh Valley train 28, the *John Wilkes*, holds the main line at Flemington Junction, N.J., while its branch-line connection to Flemington waits to the side.

The hierarchy is clear here. For its 184-mile Pittston (Pa.)-New York run via Wilkes-Barre, Bethlehem, and Newark, No. 28 rates three-year-old Cornell red Alco PA 602 pulling a baggage car and six air-conditioned cars, including a parlor car, cafe-lounge, and coaches.

By contrast, service on the 1.7-mile Flemington Branch is maintained by gas-electric car 18, a 1928 Osgood-Bradley product that packs mo-

tive power, Railway Post Office, baggage section, and passenger accommodations in a single unit.

But even at the time of this June 12, 1951, photo by John F. Endler Jr., such scenes were comparatively rare, and disappearing fast, on the Valley and elsewhere. Hit first by competition from electric lines and then from highways, branchline runs had been coming off for three decades or more. By June '51, the gas-electrics were down to two round trips a day on the Flemington Branch—buses met most mainline trains at Flemington Junction.

Nine months after this photo, in March '52, the last of the Valley's doodlebugs fell silent, and the Flemington Branch went freight-only. On the main line, the proud PAs held on until 1961, after which there were no more Lehigh Valley passenger trains to ride.—R.S.M.



Steam's Last Stand on the Colorado & Southern

Unique circumstances forced Burlington's subsidiary to keep the fires lit

By Hol Wagner • Photos by Ken Crist





Early on a February 1959 morning, 2-8-2 807 storms but of Louisville with the North Local. At far left, beyond the foothills, is Longs Peak.



A school bus waits and kids wave as 2-8-2 809 rolls south down Mason Street in Fort Collins, Colo., with a beet extra on December 18, 1958.

COLORADO & SOUTHERN, which dates from a January 1899 amalgamation of two predecessors, was a subsidiary of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy for 73 years beginning in 1908. By the 1950's, "the Colorado Road," as it was sometimes called, had retrenched from its narrow-gauge lines in the Centennial State's Rocky Mountains to its north-south standard-gauge trunk with a few branches.

The 588-mile trunk extended from a connection with fellow CB&Q subsidiary Fort Worth & Denver on the New Mexico-Texas line north along the eastern foothills of the Rockies and up into the high plains of northern Colorado and east-central Wyoming. Although the C&S was indirectly exposed to its parent company's pioneering efforts with diesel locomotives, the locally managed C&S was not so quick to embrace internal combustion power itself.

C&S purchased its first diesel in 1940, a cab-booster set of EMD's stainless-steel E5 passenger units for the new *Texas Zephyr*. It acquired no more diesels until 1947, and then only three NW2 yard switchers. Diesels did begin to pull some C&S freights in 1947 as part of extensive pools established by the Burlington to better utilize its growing fleet of F units, but C&S and FW&D did not acquire freight diesels of their own until 1950, when each took delivery of three A-B-A sets of F7's.

"The Q's" commitment to dieselization is exemplified by the fact that it acquired its last new steam locomotives in 1940, henceforth buying nothing but diesels. C&S and FW&D bettered their parent in this regard, though, since they bought their last new steam locomotives back in 1922. These were Pacifics for passenger service, and Mikados (on "the Denver") and 2-10-2's (on the C&S) for freight. Thereafter, when either of the Q's western subsidiaries needed motive power, it was leased from the parent. In 1927, for example, when CB&Q received 10 new 2-10-4's for coal service in southern Illinois, it sent its 10 USRA 2-10-2's—engines the Q didn't particularly like and had replaced with the 2-10-4's—west for service on the C&S, which had five identical examples of its own. This USRA power remained on the C&S, earning per diem for CB&Q, until the early 1950's, when the 10 were retired.

Similarly, a substantial number of Burlington O-2-A Mikes, M-2-A 2-10-2's, and B-1-A 4-8-2's were leased to the C&S over the years. The O-2-A's came in exchange for five C&S light 2-8-2's that were sent east to work as switchers on

the Q. In the early 1950's, a number of Burlington's oil-burning USRA heavy Mikados were sent to Texas for use on the FW&D.

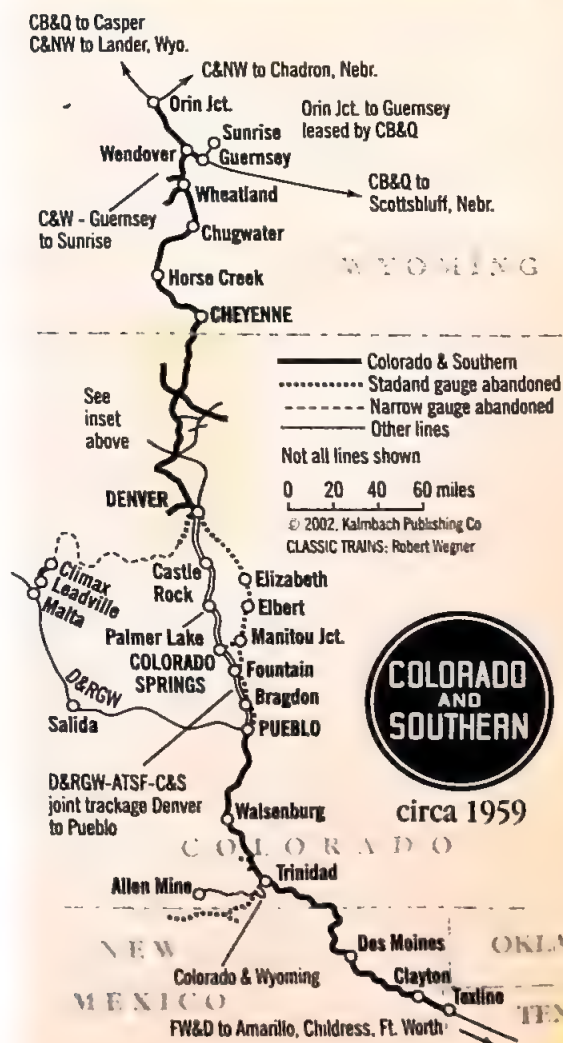
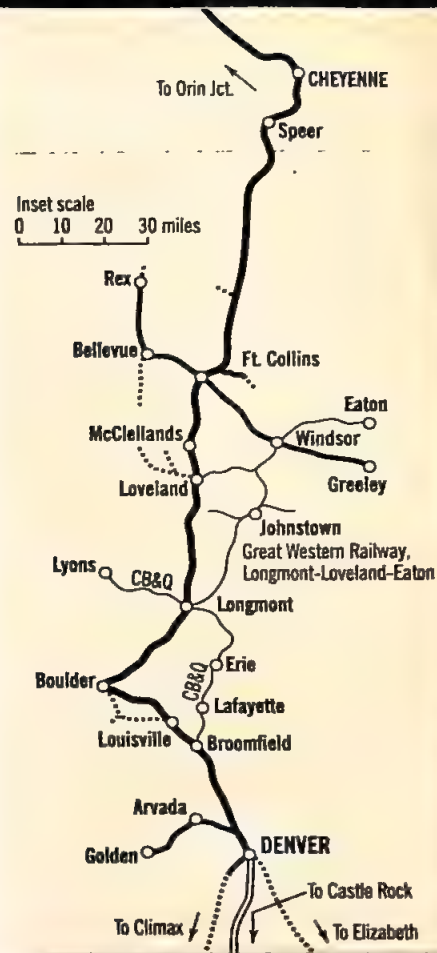
By the mid-1950's, then, both the Burlington and its two big subsidiaries were well on the way to full dieselization. The Q itself regularly employed steam only in the southern Illinois coalfields and on a few branch lines. Seasonal traffic surges, primarily movement of the summer wheat harvest, would bring out a half dozen or more big O-5 Northerns based at Lincoln, Nebr., and Galesburg, Ill., along with some Mikes to work in those division-point yards. Most of the Burlington's main lines were completely dieselized by 1956.

Seasonal surge

In Colorado, though, the situation was different, owing to several unique circumstances. Like the Q in southern Illinois, the C&S served major coalfields between Walsenburg and Trinidad in southern Colorado. Obviously, it was, as we'd say now, "politically correct" to serve the mines with coal-burning power as long as possible. As it worked out, the locomotives outlived the mines themselves, so in 1956 C&S's Southern Division, from Denver through arid northern New Mexico, became its first to be dieselized.

Up north, on the Denver Terminal Division and the Northern Division, sugar beets made a difference. The Northern Division extended from the Mile High City through Cheyenne to Orin Junction and Guernsey, Wyo. (CB&Q leased from the C&S the Orin Junction-Guernsey line, as part of its route from Nebraska to Casper, Wyo., and Billings, Mont. C&S freights from Denver would turn east at the Wendover junction to tie up at Guernsey.) Beets were the major agricultural crop in the territory, and the annual harvest "campaign," largely by rail, would begin in late September or early October. The traffic surge would run into January when the last of the tubers were hauled to the mills (known, albeit inaccurately, as "factories") for processing into sugar. This annual period taxed the resources of the C&S and was responsible for keeping steam around for several years beyond when it otherwise would've been replaced.

In Wyoming, the stiff southbound grade of Altus Hill, north of Horse Creek, necessitated the frequent use of helpers on freights. This was particularly true for the heavy iron-ore drags from Colorado Fuel & Iron's Sunrise Mine—north of Guernsey on the Northern Division of CF&I's Colorado & Wyoming







Why the double identity?

VISITORS to the C&S in Denver and to Santa Fe's yard in Pueblo, Colo., would see switchers lettered for both carriers. The practice—which dates back to at least 1928 on 0-6-0's and is in evidence above on C&S coal-burning 1901 Rhode Island-built 605, on an industrial track near Rio Grande's North Yard in Denver about 1957—stemmed from an 1899 pact wherein C&S and Santa Fe agreed to jointly use terminal facilities in both cities. This was an outgrowth of C&S abandoning its original Denver & New Orleans line out in the Plains to the east. When AT&SF gained trackage rights on the Denver & Rio Grande between South Denver and Bragdon (north of Pueblo) in 1918, C&S, as a Santa Fe tenant, gained them too—hence today's "Joint Line" operation. Santa Fe diesels known to sport joint initials, for use at Pueblo and Colorado Springs, included Baldwin switchers, GE 44-tonners, and even an Alco RSD5. C&S's EMD SW-1200's of early 1959, like its NW2's before them, came in Burlington black and gray with joint initials on their cabs instead of a Burlington Route rectangle, and they kept 'em when repainted Cascade green by Burlington Northern.—H.W.

Railway—destined for the big steel mill at Pueblo, Colo. Since C&S didn't have diesels to spare for helper service, oil-burning 2-10-2's based at Cheyenne got this duty. A steeper mainline grade closer to Denver, the 2.01 percent Burke's Hill southeast of Boulder, was shorter and usually didn't require a helper.

In addition to beets and a helper grade, a third factor kept steam in regular use on the C&S, in this instance longer than on any other standard-gauge Class 1. This was the 14-mile C&S operation high in the Colorado Rockies from Leadville up to Climax, the last remnant of the narrow-gauge South Park lines. Isolated from the rest of the surviving C&S system, the line connected only

with a Rio Grande branch. When C&S ended slim-gauge operations in 1943, it standard-gauged the Climax line to continue serving a molybdenum mine that was so crucial during wartime ("moly" is an element that hardens and strengthens steel). With an elevation of 11,320 feet at Climax, this was the highest point reached by an adhesion railroad in North America (and still is, thanks to tourist pike Leadville, Colorado & Southern). Conventional wisdom told C&S officials that diesels could not operate efficiently at such a lofty elevation, so the branch remained the province of a single C&S 2-8-0, rotated out when needed via haulage on the D&RGW.

C&S took delivery of 11 new SD9's in late 1956 and early '57, but still wasn't able to completely dieselize Colorado operations. Rather, 10 1953-built SD7's were reassigned to FW&D, where they joined 11 FW&D SD7's to allow dieselization of the Texas main line. From mid-1955 through September '56, C&S had retired three worn-out 2-8-0's and

Oil-burning C&S 629, a 1906 Brooks 2-8-0, rattles across the Poudre River bridge near Timnath as it heads down the branch to Greeley on December 26, 1958. On November 18, CB&Q 2-8-2 4994, one of five just leased to C&S, is back on home rails with a transfer at the Q's 35th Street yard in Denver, waiting for an FT/F3 set to leave.



Two 2-10-2's, both 1915 Baldwins, meet for the last time anywhere in North America on November 20, 1958, as C&S 902 takes siding at Loveland for sister 900. The previous month, 902, with an extra water tender, was parked at Chugwater, Wyo., to help ore drags up Altus Hill.

scrapped four more, plus a light 2-8-2. Thus in spring 1957, C&S officials realized they did not have sufficient motive power, steam or diesel, to handle the coming beet campaign.

Burlington came to the rescue, "allowing" the subsidiary to buy six O-4 class oil-burning USRA heavy 2-8-2's. Three were sitting idle where they'd last been used, at FW&D's shop at Childress, Texas, awaiting retirement. The other three were stored at Lincoln, Nebr. Upon examination, one turned out to have a cracked steam dome and so was never renumbered (CB&Q 5500's became C&S 800's) or put in service. Purchase of the big Mikes gave C&S the distinction of being the last major U.S. road to acquire steam power for revenue



service. To begin the 1957 beet campaign, C&S had 11 Consolidations (600 series), 6 Mikados (800's), and 5 2-10-2's (900's) in service. FW&D still employed 10 2-8-2's and a 2-8-0 in that fall's grain and cotton rush, but the next summer's wheat rush marked the "Denver Road's"

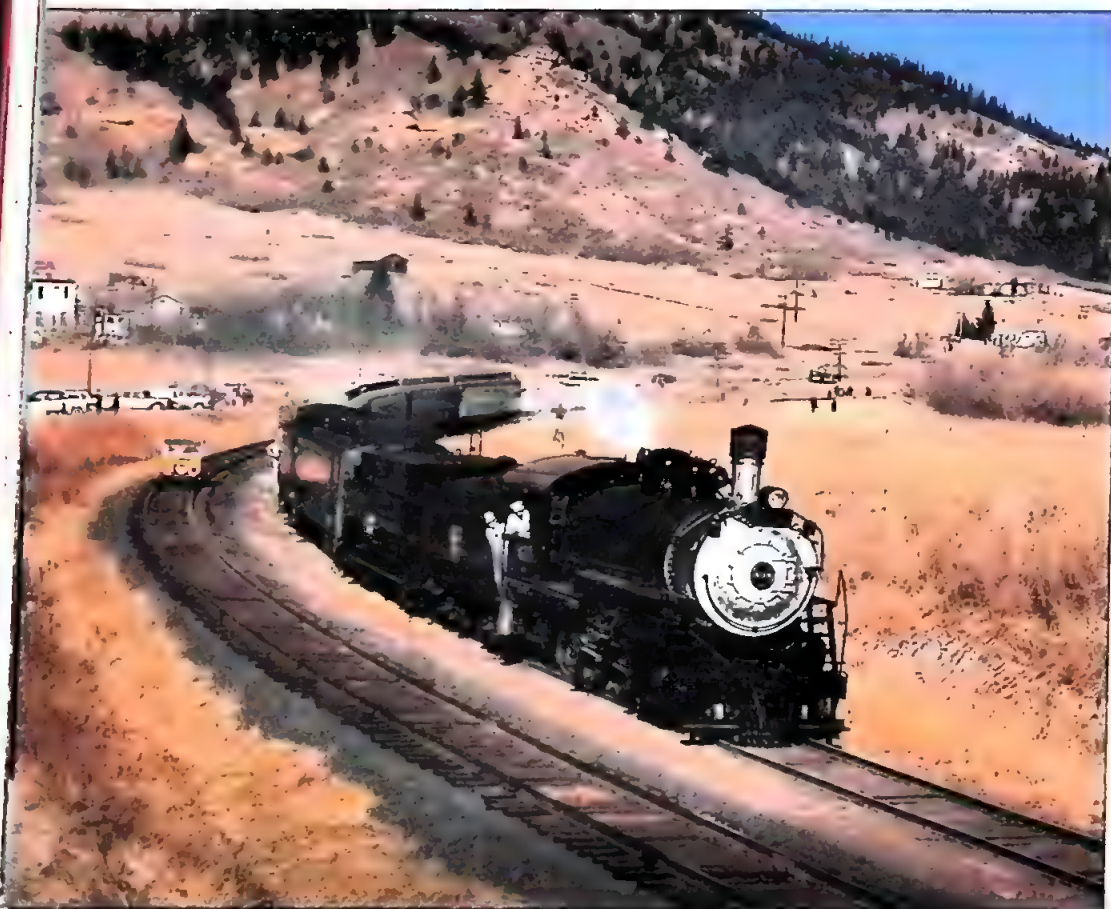
final steam season, when one or two 2-8-2's worked the Pampa-Childress run.

Wrecks give steam a reprieve

The six 800's acquired for the 1957 beet season would have seen the C&S through the 1958 campaign, too, were it

The North Local from Fort Collins to Denver has paused at Broomfield on a February 1959 morning to set out a boxcar at the Coors Elevator. When the car is filled, C&S will haul it to the big brewery in Golden. C&S 807 is one of six 0-4 class, 5500-series 2-8-2's bought from CB&Q.





not for another unique circumstance—two disastrous collisions that occurred just days apart.

C&S trackage north of Denver was unsignaled, and on September 17, opposing freights 77 and 78 collided head-on at the small Wyoming town of Chugwater, demolishing the wooden depot and heavily damaging FW&D F7's 750A and B and C&S SD9 828. Just five days later, in the northwest Denver suburb of Broomfield, southbound local passenger train 30 from Billings, Mont. (dubbed the "Night Crawler"), hit northbound train 77 head-on, killing two crewmen and destroying Burlington E7A 9936B and C&S F7's 700D and C. Several other units received lesser damage in the collisions, so almost overnight C&S found itself drastically short of motive power—just as the beet campaign was starting.

Again the Burlington came to the rescue, leasing to C&S five 1923 O-1-A class 2-8-2's stored at Centralia and Herrin Junction in southern Illinois. Arriving in Denver in late September and early Oc-

tober, these 4900-series Mikes were immediately placed in service, joining the remaining 17 active C&S steam locomotives: 8 2-8-0's, 6 2-8-2's, and 3 2-10-2's. Steam assignments included switching at Rice Yard and working a couple of local industry jobs in Denver, yard work in Cheyenne, the Denver-Fort Collins "North Local," the Fort Collins-Greeley branch job, extra sugar-beet drags out of Loveland, and other mainline extras.

C&S shipped the five most severely damaged diesels from the collisions back to EMD at La Grange for rebuilding, at the same time ordering 21 new units, enough to once and for all finish dieselization of both C&S and FW&D. "The Denver" was to get 4 SW1200's, and the C&S 5 SW1200's and 12 more SD9's, all scheduled for spring 1959 delivery.

As the beet campaign wound down in January 1959, steam power began to be set aside, never to run again. Standards were still needed for the five wreck-damaged diesels, so steam ran for a bit longer in the yards at Denver, Fort Col-

Fan trips out of Denver mushroomed in the late '50's; a few utilized CB&Q's branch to Lyons (above, with C&S 647 in October 1959). On December 16, 1962, the very last C&S steam run, which ferried 2-8-0 638 to Trinidad for display, halted for a photo run at Palmer Lake (top left).

lins, and Cheyenne, and occasionally on the North Local. With delivery of the SW1200's at the end of February, the rebuilt wrecked units in March, and the new SD9's in April, C&S's regular use of steam on the main line came to an end.

Consolidation 646 was the last C&S steam engine to work at Cheyenne, on May 26, 1959, having succeeded 2-8-2 803 there and outlasting sisters at Rice Yard by a month or more. Engine 900, the last 2-10-2 in revenue service in the U.S., hauled the return leg of a July 19 Denver-Cheyenne passenger excursion that had gone north behind 2-8-0 647

Steam rotary plow 99201 and 2-8-0 641 are ready to tackle the snow on the line up Fremont Pass to Climax, Colo., in February 1960.



J. DAVID INGLES





(with a side trip on the Owl Canyon branch out of Fort Collins), then hauled a work train from Denver to Cheyenne the next day to conclude regular C&S mainline steam usage.

Literally, steam's climax

We must say "mainline" because steam continued on the Climax branch. In June 1958, when 2-8-0 638 came due for new flues, it was replaced not by a diesel but by sister 641, fresh from a Class 3 overhaul at Childress shop (the Burlington-C&S "Joint Shop" in Denver had closed in September 1955). Outfitted with the bright-red pilot plow that was standard on the branch, 641 continued the five-days-a-week service to the Climax molybdenum mine and mill.

The 2-8-0 wasn't the only "steam unit" at the small Leadville enginehouse, however. In the winter, it was occasionally necessary to open the line with steam-powered rotary plow 99201. The infrequent rotary runs drew fans in droves for the chance to see and photo-

C&S was friendly to fans, thanks in part to employees such as Road Foreman of Engines Mickey Hansen (right, attending to 638). The Rice Yard roundhouse—where Elitch Gardens amusement park stands now—was a choice photo spot.

graph a double dose of standard-gauge steam in the majesty of the snow-covered Rockies. (It was then still possible, remember, to experience the same sights and sounds on the Rio Grande narrow-gauge between Alamosa and Durango.)

Railroaders and railfans alike knew the Climax line would be dieselized sometime, and EMD took up the challenge in summer 1961 by sending SD24 demonstrator 5579 to Leadville for high-altitude testing. The builder wanted to finally dispel the idea that a diesel engine would starve for air at that elevation. The EMD tests proved that, even without the turbocharger cut in, the 567 prime mover performed fine at 11,000 feet. The end for steam was in sight.

C&S SD9 828, rebuilt by EMD fol-



lowing the Chugwater head-on, was selected to dieselize the branch. It was sent to Childress for modifications that included minor insulation of its engine hood and installation of a pilot plow on the front end, plus flangers and ice-breakers on the six-wheel trucks.

Returned from Childress in early October 1962, the 828 was turned over to the D&RGW at Pueblo, just as 641 had been four years earlier, and hauled up to Leadville. The 641 made its last trip

October 11, marking as far as is known the final operation of a steam locomotive in regular day-to-day service (*i.e.*, not excursions) on a standard-gauge Class 1 in North America. This was not the last run of a C&S steam locomotive, however. That distinction fell to sister 638 two months later.

Final fantrips, and two footnotes

As railfan groups realized dieselization was imminent, they had begun running steam excursions out of Denver over the C&S, a willing excursion operator. Principally these were sponsored by the Denver-based Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, and went northward, a few running on Burlington's branch to Lyons, Colo. Occasionally the itinerary would include the steam-powered, sugar-beet-hauling Great Western Railway, which connected with the C&S at Longmont and Loveland. Various these excursions were drawn by 2-8-0's, 2-8-2's, or 2-10-2's. As the end drew closer, the trips became more frequent, and the newly organized Intermountain Chapter of the National Railway Historical Society entered the scene in mid-1961.

By this time, only the 638 remained serviceable, having been granted one last flue extension in 1960 after coming down from Leadville in 1958. Early on the cold, clear morning of December 16,

Ready for their last trip, from Rice Yard to Houston for scrap, are three each 2-8-2's and 2-10-2's—805, 904, 804, 914, 909, and CB&Q 5509—as Santa Fe FT 159C couples up January 20, 1961.

1962, the 2-8-0 began its 15th and final excursion, the last run of a C&S steam locomotive. This one, however, headed south, a Rocky Mountain Railroad Club trip that served to deliver the 1906 Brooks-built 2-8-0 to its retirement home, a display perch in Trinidad, Colo., where the Consolidation had spent many years working coal-mine locals. The excursionists returned to Denver behind diesels.

There were two other C&S-FW&D steam footnotes, both involving Texas. By 1962 the long steam deadline at Denver had been eliminated, 17 locomotives being sold for scrap to Commercial Metals of Houston in December 1960 and moving out in "funeral trains" over the next two months. The final four engines were cut up by the C&S itself at Denver between November 1960 and July 1961. The five leased Burlington O-1-A's sat neglected at Denver into the early 1960's, when with one exception they were returned to the Q for disposition. The exception, CB&Q 4994, was shipped to Childress for cosmetic restoration, then donated to Texas Tech University at Lubbock for permanent display as "Fort Worth & Denver 401," substituting for the real FW&D 2-8-2 401, which had been sold for scrap in 1955.

The other footnote concerns the Texas & Pacific, which dieselized in 1952. When the Red River flooded T&P at Boyce, La., in spring 1957, the MoPac affiliate was obliged to borrow 1919 Baldwin 2-8-2 454 from the FW&D (in exchange for a Geep) to pilot freights

through the floodwaters, which had risen to as much as 38 inches over the rails, way beyond the limit for diesel traction motors. According to reports in *TRAINS* magazine, the Mike pulled four T&P passenger trains, two time freights, and a local freight through the flooded section each day for three weeks in May and two weeks in June. After that, T&P prudently purchased a sister, FW&D 2-8-2 410, repainted it as T&P 400, and kept it at Marshall, Texas. And sure enough, the Mike was again needed in April 1958. T&P retired the 400 in 1961 and presented it to Marshall for display.

Back in Colorado, dieselization of the C&S did not end the annual motive-power shortage during the sugar-beet campaign, but from 1959 on, it was addressed by leasing diesels. Since CB&Q didn't have any units to spare during the campaign, other sources were utilized. Over the ensuing 20 years, these included Great Northern (FT's), Northern Pacific (F3's), Missouri Pacific (F3's and F7's), D&RGW (F's and GP30's), Union Pacific (F9's, GP9's, GP30's, U25B's), and locomotive dealer Precision Engineering/Precision National (various former Katy and Southern Pacific F's).

It was not until the demise of rail haulage of sugar beets in the early 1980's that the annual power shortage on the Colorado & Southern finally ended. By then the C&S no longer existed, anyway, having been formally merged into CB&Q successor Burlington Northern 11 years after its creation, on the last day of 1981. ■



HOL WAGNER



Fireman *(almost)* for a

A Wabash career that wasn't to be

By Richard R. Wallin • Photos by the author

ALL IT WHAT YOU MAY, but I was the lucky recipient of fortunate timing in fall 1960. I was finishing my undergraduate studies at Millikin University in Decatur, Ill., and thanks to a change in majors and other factors, I ended up having to attend for 4½ years. My final semester consisted of just a few “junk” courses such as art appreciation, leaving me with a fair amount of spare time.

Decatur was the operational hub of the Wabash Railway, and it just so happened that the road was hiring a few locomotive firemen, but you needed a sponsor to be considered. Thanks to a long-time friend in Decatur, K.E. “Kenny” Davis, who was already a fireman, and whose father, H.K. Davis (also called Kenny), was an engineer, I had that covered.

H.K. said we had to get the blessing of the road foreman of engines, U.F. Rogers, who happened to be in the hospital. So H.K. and I cornered the poor man in his hospital bed, and after he was given a sales pitch on how great a railroader I would make, Rogers had no choice but to say, “O.K., tell the chief clerk to sign him up.”

I had my physical exam at the Wabash hospital, and then I had a decision to make: which line to choose. The Decatur Division had three seniority districts: east and south, from St. Louis through Decatur to Peru, Ind.; west to Hannibal, Mo.;

and north to Chicago. I chose the latter, consisting of the 6th and 7th districts, because it had the most vacancies.

My reasoning was also swayed by the number of passenger trains. I liked being on a line with varnish, even though I knew the passenger trains’ days were numbered, and in fact a train-off petition to the Interstate Commerce Commission was already pending on the Chicago-St. Louis *Midnight Limited*. Other trains on the Chicago line were the *Blue Bird*, *Banner Blue*, and a Decatur-Chicago local.

I was told my best bet for student trips would be to take the freight formerly known as 2nd 90, now called DC2, which left Decatur about 9 p.m. Upon its arrival at Landers Yard in Chicago about 6 a.m., I could immediately catch counterpart CD1 back to Decatur without an extended layover.

Thus my first trip was on DC2, with a trio of F7As, 1171/-1165/1107A, on October 14, 1960. It was uneventful, as was my return the next morning on three more F7As, 1103A/-1165A/1153. (Wabash relied heavily on its 127 F7’s, of which only 9 were B units. They would soon be renumbered from the original 1100’s with an “A” suffix on half of them, to the 600’s and 700’s, each with its own number.) The crew suggested that I might get off in Forrest, Ill., and ride the Streator local in order to “learn” the GP7 or GP9 power used



Decatur was Wabash's operational hub. On April 23, 1962, PA 1053 and two E8's have brought the combined *Banner Blue* and *Wabash Cannon Ball* in from St. Louis. Those units will come off, and the E units at right will take the trains to Chicago and Detroit, respectively. E8 1009 has a plaque naming it EMD's 10,000th unit, just to the right of the builder's plate in the blue-painted portion. Below, in a December 13, 1960, photo from Wabash Tower, a westbound freight leaves town behind three F7's and an FA1.



week

(almost)

on that branchline run. I don't recall the excuse I used, but I had a hot date in Decatur that night and didn't want to get stranded on the branch. Besides, I had other plans to learn the Geeps.

It was obvious that for freight, the Chicago line was strictly F7 territory—Wabash's 10 Alco FA's (and 5 FB's) seemed to run only west to Hannibal and Moberly, Mo. Therefore, to learn about Alcos, the passenger PA's were my only option. Wabash had only four, and they were still kept in two pairs, 1020/1020A and 1021/1021A. Bought for the St. Louis-Detroit overnight *Limiteds*, which consistently ran 15 to 20 cars with a heavy head-end business, the Alcos stayed on those runs for their first 10 years. But with the gradual decline of passenger service, they were now in the passenger pool.

From train photography in my home city of St. Louis as well as in Decatur, I'd learned how Wabash cycled its passenger units. I knew if they went out on a certain run, what train they'd come back on.

As luck would have it, I calculated that on the day in question, two PA's would be going north on 118, the *Midnight Limited* to Chicago. I purposely chose this 2:20 a.m. Decatur departure, figuring there'd be no nosy road foreman of engines around to wonder why a student fireman was on a pas-

senger run. (Years later, I actually read my permit form and noticed it was good only on freights!) I showed up for 118 and boarded PA's 1021/1021A with no problem. The fireman showed me around the engine room and steam boiler. Shortly after we left, the engineer said he was "under the weather" and was going back to the rear unit to sleep. So the fireman became the engineer, and I became the "real" fireman.

At the time, the PA had not been elevated to the pedestal of reverence by enthusiasts that would come in later years. Most of the roads that had PA's were still operating them, but to me, Wabash's small quartet was something special on a roster that had few interesting models.

So I was on cloud nine sitting there in the fireman's seat, just me and the engineer on an important passenger limited. I was impressed by the blue lights in the "dashboard" gauges, and I enjoyed every minute of my first passenger run.

Normally we would've met our southbound counterpart, 117, on the double track between Decatur and Bement, but 117 was late and we had to take siding somewhere on the single track north of Bement. The engineer gave me his switch key, and I lined us into the siding and stood waiting. When he asked what I was waiting for, I said to line the switch back after we were in the clear. "The rear flagman will do that; c'mon back up," he said; it was a dumb rookie mistake.

The southbound *Midnight Limited* soon showed up with, you guessed it, the other pair of PA's. I silently thought what a great photo that would have made, had it been daylight and had I had my camera. But there would have been no picture even if it was daylight. In those days, on the Wabash and most railroads, any evidence that you were a railfan was a kiss of death for rail employment. I was careful to "play it straight" and not do or say anything that would reveal my intense interest and knowledge of railroads.

Somewhere as we entered Chicago, we met an Erie Lackawanna PA with a short high-wide-load train—another great photo opportunity missed. I began to feel like a deer hunter



Two PA's sweep past the Millikin campus as they roll into Decatur on January 17, 1961, with the *Wabash Cannon Ball*. Soon the Wabash's two pairs of passenger Alcos would be split up, and be renumbered to 1050-1053.

seeing numerous prey but having a game warden with me.

I returned the same day on the same PA's, on the *Banner Blue*, with a different engine crew. This engineer was a true master of his trade. It was a real treat seeing his hands float between the throttle and brake levers as we negotiated the many curves and turnouts in the Chicago area. He kept the train stretched out—not a drop of coffee was spilled in the diner, I'm sure.

THE NEXT NIGHT, I again pulled an all-nighter, this time on train 112, the "Chicago local," a train of many faces. This would be my "Geep education," for our power was GP7 457, one of 17 steam-equipped "torpedo-tank" dual-service units among Wabash's 46 Geeps.

Just a few passengers were on board for the 1:05 a.m. Decatur departure, probably mostly deadhead crews. For the first few hours, the train was a true milk run—yes, we did actually pick up milk cans from baggage carts at small-town depots. But as we neared Chicago, we became a commuter train, and the load on our Geep became evident as the passenger count increased. In later years this train would become known as the "Orland Park commuter" and would no longer continue its daily evening run from there to Decatur, doing so only on Friday nights southward and early Monday mornings northward as a deadhead move, so as to be serviced in Decatur.

Our engineer on 112 was Frank Miller, at that time the No. 2 man on the district seniority list. A true character, he seemed to enjoy regaling a greenhorn trainee with tales from the rails, some printable, some not. He told about one time when Herman Pevler, then president of the Wabash, had his business car on Miller's train and unexpectedly showed up in



the locomotive cab, asking if he could ride up there for a while. Miller said, "Sure, it's your railroad, you can ride anywhere you want." Pevler replied, "Yes, but it's *your* engine."

Miller also gave me an in-cab test of lantern signals, and reminded me of the importance of knowing what a man on the ground is wanting the engineer to do. After grilling me on the usual signals of stop, back up, pull forward, highball, etc., he said, "Now, tell me what this one means," and slowly walked around the cab in an irregular pattern, with the lantern pointed downward. Of course I didn't know that one, and he gave out a big guffaw and said, "It means the brakeman is looking for a place to go to the bathroom." (Well, he didn't use those exact words.)

I returned from Chicago later that same day on GP9's 487 and 495 with the *Banner Blue*. That night, I figured I'd better get back into freight service, riding 2nd DC2, with an F7A-B-A set, 1167A/1104B/1105. By this time I was very tired and told the crew about all the runs I'd made in the past few days. The fireman said heck, why not go back in the third unit and catch up on some sleep. I readily accepted the offer and, after folding up the armrests on the fireman's and brakeman's seats, I lay across them and quickly drifted off.

I knew we'd be setting out cars at Chicago Ridge, the crossing with the Indiana Harbor Belt and B&OCT, and figured that the banging around would wake me up. It did not. The crew woke me up as we came into Landers Yard, telling me I'd better hustle if I was to catch my southbound ride as CD1 was sitting there ready to depart. I jumped off our slow-moving train, but about 10 car-lengths later, realized that I'd forgotten to have my student trip sheet signed. So I had to run in the dark and chase down our engine. I finally caught it, got the signature, and caught the southbound just as it was pulling out.

The engineer on what turned out to be my last student trip was Russ Rogers, brother of the road foreman of engines, and he'd been the engineer on my first southbound run four days earlier. We will hear his name again shortly. Somehow I managed to stay awake on this run, despite having made four round trips, each involving overnights, in about 85 hours. And in my spare time, I had actually attended a class or two!

Upon arrival in Decatur, I took my trip sheet to the chief clerk to see if I needed any more trips. He said no, made a notation in my file, and said he would call in a few days as soon as I was ready to be marked up on the extra board.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, I lived by the phone, and when the call came a couple of days later, it was the last thing I expected to hear. "I regret to advise that you did not pass your physical and we cannot hire you."

A quick call to a friend, Bob Whelove, who worked in Wabash headquarters in St. Louis, provided the answer: the x-ray of my back had turned up substantial bone deformities. The railroads had been hammered over the years with large lawsuit settlements over back problems, and anyone with any problem in that region was an automatic reject.

Nevertheless, it had been an interesting experience. On every trip, I had learned many things about the intricacies of the motive power I'd encountered: procedures to isolate a unit, how to start up a prime mover, how to correct an overspeed trip, a ground relay trip, and so forth.

Each trip also yielded some gem of knowledge that obviously reflected the personal experiences of the crews. One fireman advised me to be sure to use a fusee when changing fuses in the fusebox in an F7's electrical cabinet. "If you touch any electrical contacts with your hands, you'll get knocked on your ass." It was the voice of experience speaking. A brakeman warned me about getting indebted to the employee Credit Union because "pretty soon, they'll just take your entire paycheck." On the PAs, a fireman had warned me about the crankcase ventilation system, which had a light to indicate it was working. He advised that if I was ever in the engine room and found the light out, I should tell the engineer and immediately evacuate the unit. A crankcase explosion was described as something just short of Hiroshima. I never did understand why this subject had never been mentioned on the F7's.

It is said that some good comes of every bad experience, and this was no exception. Over the 1960 Christmas vacation,



My "Geep education" came on passenger GP7 457 on 112, the Chicago local. Pure luck gave me a cab ride in a Train Master, my all-time favorite; engineer Russ Rogers had to be convinced of the big FM's merits, though.

I had visited a girlfriend in Waukegan (yes, I rode the North Shore *Electroliner* up from Chicago), and on the last night I was going to stay with a college friend who lived in Manhattan, Ill., a stop for the Wabash Decatur local.

Upon arriving at Dearborn Station, I gave a quick glance at the local's head end, and there was 553, one of Wabash's eight Fairbanks-Morse Train Masters. On a hunch, I asked the conductor who the engine crew was, and fortunately for me, Russ Rogers was the engineer. I told the conductor I had a ticket, but that I knew Rogers and might ride up there with him. He shrugged an O.K.

I climbed up and entered the cab and told Rogers who I was, asked if he remembered me, and could I ride with him to Manhattan. His answers were affirmative, so I finally got to ride on my all-time favorite diesel, the big Train Master.

I tried to make small talk about the merits of this locomotive, but Rogers didn't seem enthused about it. We got rolling and eventually hit 72 mph on a stretch between the many stops, and Rogers finally commented, "You know, I believe this thing is a bit more of an engine than a GP." Amen to that.

The Train Masters had all been in storage when I made my student trips, so this was my first, last, and only cab ride on one. I'd learned to love their brutish looks and booming exhaust. During part of my college career, I'd lived in an apartment right by Wabash's Decatur-St. Louis main line, and I could always tell the FM's were coming long before the train was otherwise heard because the windows started vibrating.

As far as I know, my parents never knew of my brief stab at railroad employment. After graduation, I moved to Springfield, Ill., and met Lorine, the wonderful girl who is still my wife after 38 years. That wouldn't have happened had I embarked on a career on the Wabash. ■

Cooking on the Southern Pacific

For the kitchen crew of a 1920's dining car, life was defined by long hours, hard work, and race

By Thomas C. Fleming, with Max Millard



THOMAS FLEMING COLLECTION

In a photo taken during his tenure as an SP cook, Thomas Fleming, age 21, is seen in Berkeley, Calif.

IT WAS IN JUNE 1927 that I arrived back home in the San Francisco Bay Area to try to find work on the railroads. I was just 19, but in reality I was the head of the house. My sister Kate had not gone out into the world yet, and my mother worked as a domestic. I gave her most of what I earned because she had a house to run.

Most passenger trains in the Bay Area stopped in my hometown of Oakland. The Bay Bridge and the Golden Gate Bridge had not been built yet, so railroad passengers from the north or east had to cross the bay by ferry. The only train arriving in San Francisco from out of state was Southern Pacific's *Sunset Limited* from New Orleans.

Oakland had plenty of trains, though. It also had the state's largest black population outside of Los Angeles. I figured this was because Oakland was a railroad terminal. Blacks went where they could get jobs. Southern Pacific, Western Pacific, and Santa Fe all had terminals in Oakland, and all hired blacks, not only for dining cars, but as chair-car porters and, in the yards, for maintenance crews. SP hired the most because it operated more trains than the other two combined.

Catching on as the fourth cook

I'd heard that both SP and the Pullman Company put on extra cars in summer, which meant bigger train crews. Pullman, which owned and operated most of the sleeping cars, club cars, and observation cars on U.S. railroads, had a maintenance yard in nearby Richmond, but I went instead to the SP commissary in West Oakland to look for openings. The man at the dispatcher's window said, "No," but told me to stick around and wrote down my name. Several other black

men were there, waiting, including some students looking for summer jobs.

I stayed until 4 p.m. that day, and went back for two more days. Finally the dispatcher came out and offered me a job as fourth cook. He signed me up and told me the number of my dining car, which was in the yard being stocked for a trip to Los Angeles the next morning.

When I entered the dining car, the chef gave me a white jacket, checkered denim trousers, and a white cap (which all cooks wore), then sent me to the commissary with a waiter to get supplies.

As I walked through the yard, I saw many men and women maintenance workers, mostly black,





INTERIOR OF HEAVYWEIGHT SP DINING CAR: SP PHOTO, JOHN R. SIGNOR COLLECTION; ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SP BOOKLET "FIRST CALL FOR DINNER," 1926

all over and inside the cars, hosing them down, cleaning them with brushes, and using vacuum cleaners on the seats. Some carried coal for the ranges in the kitchens. Others installed ice in rooftop air-conditioning compartments.

The commissary was a combination warehouse and kitchen supplying all food and beverages sold on SP trains leaving Oakland. Southern Pacific had everything the public would get in a luxury hotel—lamb chops, pork chops, filet mignon, chateaubriand, fresh green vegetables, milk in 10-gallon cans, cases of eggs, fresh fish, shrimp, oysters, and lobsters. We carried it all in a big two-wheel hand truck.

The commissary bakery made pound cakes and raisin bread, and it packaged special flour mixes for biscuits, shortcake, muffins, and hot-cakes—all you had to do was add milk and stir. They even gave us dough for pies.

The chef took me over to a large grindstone and showed me how to sharpen knives. Most cooks had their own personal knives and large kitchen forks. Apart from that, all we had to furnish was our shoes.

The chef was the boss

The jobs were sharply defined. The chef was the boss of the kitchen: he ordered all the sup-





ABOVE: SP PHOTO, JOHN R. SIGNOR COLLECTION; RIGHT: JOHN R. SIGNOR COLLECTION

When Fleming worked SP trains into Los Angeles, he arrived at the old SP/Union Pacific Central Station on Alameda Street, torn down to make way for 1939's LAUPT.



plies and handled the charcoal broiler, on which he broiled steak, poultry, and fish. The second cook made the soups, cooked the roasts in the oven, and handed out orders to the waiters. The third cook was the fry cook; he worked the range.

The fourth cook was primarily the dishwasher, but you also had to peel potatoes, shell peas, clean vegetables, and help with whatever the chef or second cook asked you to do. Sometimes they'd put you on the frying pan because they were supposed to be teaching you to be a cook so you might be promoted to third cook, then second cook, and eventually chef.

The only white person in the dining car was the steward, who was nominally the foreman of the whole crew. He saw that every procedure was followed religiously by the waiters. When a diner paid for his meal, the waiter turned over the receipt and money to the steward, with the exception of the tip.

Next in authority was the pantryman. He was a sort of headwaiter whose duty was to keep the pantry clean, to take care of supplies like butter, salt, and sugar, and to see that the silverware, plates, and assorted linen were well stocked. The dining car used real silver and white linen tablecloths that were changed for every passenger.

On the morning of my first trip, before passengers boarded, the chef got me started shelling a 50-pound sack of green peas. A switch engine began to push us backward toward the Oakland Mole, SP's distinctive pier station which served ferry passengers from the Ferry Building in San Francisco.

Both the Mole and the Ferry Building had large crews of black redcap porters. Some came over from San Francisco, pulling handcarts lined with baggage and assisting the pas-

First Call
for
Dinner
DINING CAR
FORWARD



sengers right to the railroad cars. Many others worked at the 16th Street depot in Oakland, or the much smaller SP station in San Francisco at Third and Townsend streets, terminus for the *Sunset Limited*, the *Daylight*, the *Lark*, and the *Padre*.

Our train departed promptly at 8 a.m. I felt a thrill as the train really began to roll and a waiter came into the pantry and shouted his first order through the window.

The crew was kept busy as more and more passengers arrived for breakfast. We fried potatoes and eggs any style and kept toast orders going on the grill. Mothers with infants gave their bottles to the waiters; we filled them with milk and heated them up.

At noon we were ready again for the "snakes," as our chef

Ferry duty



ABOVE: A.R. ALTER; RIGHT: DAVE MERRILL

While attending high school in Chico, Calif., in the 1920's before I joined the Southern Pacific, I used to be awake every night when the last Sacramento Northern train arrived. I would often meet with a waiter on the train, Bill Shorey, a happy-go-lucky guy four or five years older than I. He was the son of Capt. William Shorey, who had commanded a whaling vessel in San Francisco at the turn of the century. He was the first black resident of Oakland to have a street named after him.

Late one night in January 1927, I heard a tapping on the window and Bill's voice calling my name. When I looked out, he asked if I wanted a job as a waiter. "Yes," I answered. He told me to pack a bag and be at the depot at 6:30 in the morning.

The train stopped at the Carquinez Strait, which all trains from the north had to cross on their way to Oakland. I was to work six days a week as a waiter on the SN railroad ferry Ramon. It had a kitchen crew of three black men. My pay would be \$60 a month, plus the few tips I could squeeze from passengers.

Our living quarters were a one-room hut on stilts over the water. We went there every night about 8 o'clock after the last train passed through. Amenities were few. There was no place to bathe except in a galvanized tub, for which we had to haul hot water from the ferry.

The hut was home for swarms of marsh mice. Every night when we went to bed, we had to shake the blankets and sheets, and invariably a mouse or two would be thrown out. They scurried back after we turned out the light, and we had to keep knocking them off the bed.

On my second day on the ferry, a tall, distinguished-looking brown-skinned man got off the train and walked into the kitchen. He looked me over and asked, did I think I could stay out there? I realized he was George Dunlap, boss of the food department for the Sacramento Northern. I told him the hut would be all right.

Fleming's first job was as a waiter at the lunch counter aboard the Sacramento Northern car ferry Ramon, shown crossing the Carquinez Strait.



Dunlap had been a cook on an SP business car. He had sought, and was awarded, the contract from Sacramento Northern to operate two dining cars and the lunch counter on the ferries. In later years, when SN ceased hauling passengers, Dunlap converted the upper part of his two-story house in Sacramento into a restaurant.

The white crew on the Ramon consisted of a captain and four deckhands whose sleeping quarters were on the ferry. They worked for several days, then another crew took their place. All of them had homes in nearby communities such as Pittsburg. It was the home port for a number of commercial fishing boats owned by Italian-Americans, and sometimes they would pull up to the ferry slip and give us a big bass or some other fish—a welcome change in our diets.

I was lonesome most of the time. The monotony was relieved only when the passenger trains crossed over and the crewmen gave us daily papers from Sacramento, Oakland, and San Francisco. The biggest topic of conversation among us exiles was Charles Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic in May 1927. We talked about it for days.

In June, when I got my day off, I stayed at home two days instead of one. When I came back, George Dunlap was there. He curtly asked, where did I wish to go, to Chico or Oakland? I knew I was fired. I told him Oakland, so he paid me off and I left on the next train, bound for work on SP dining cars.—Thomas C. Fleming

called the passengers. We heard a waiter going through the cars calling "First call for lunch!" while beating on chimes. We made hot dishes such as lamb curry—an SP staple—with delicious chunks of lamb cut from the leg only. Sometimes we had corned beef served with cabbage, or a roast of either prime rib or beef. We had to make pies of several varieties every day.

Dinner in Tehachapi

Over several hours our train stopped at small towns all

through the San Joaquin Valley. Fresno was an important icing stop for refrigerator cars hauling California perishables, and our stopover was also long—about 20 minutes—as the train took on water for the locomotive, coal for the kitchen range, and chopped ice for the dining car and each passenger car.

At about the halfway point between Fresno and Los Angeles, the bleak countryside appeared deserted of everything but jackrabbits hopping about and tumbleweed rolling across

the hot, dry land. The kitchen was like an oven. About 4 o'clock, the cooks went back to the kitchen and began to work in earnest.

The train slowed and crawled through a long yard—Bakersfield. It wasn't long before a hard shake let us know a second locomotive had been added, to help take the train on the climb through Tehachapi Pass.

We began to climb, plunging into the numerous tunnels that marked the Tehachapi line. Smoke poured through the train,



creating an unpleasant odor. We looked out when the train went around curves and saw the two locomotives straining.

The dining car filled up, emptied, and filled up twice more before the work began to slow down. Somewhere east of the town of Tehachapi, we stopped so the helper locomotive could be uncoupled.

Beyond Mojave we moved out across California's high desert toward Lancaster and Palmdale, an area of awesome natural beauty. Occasionally I would see coyotes and badgers, or buzzards slowly circling in the sky. Once I saw a wildcat.

The train sped through the night to Glendale and Burbank,

crocks on the steam table, so everything was shining bright.

A night in L.A.

The waiters who had a place to go—either a woman to see, or some nightclub—changed into their street clothes. All the cooks kept their uniforms on. I put on my own hat and jacket. When the train reached the immense Taylor Yard, we slowed down considerably, finally pulling into huge Central Station (replaced in 1939 by today's Los Angeles Union Passenger Terminal). The redcaps swarmed alongside, and we got off as fast as the passengers did.

SP had a contract with a black man who operated a fleabag hotel on Alameda Avenue, across the street from the depot. It catered exclusively to blacks—mainly to rail workers. The ground floor had a pool hall, a fast-food place, and a recreation center. The three upper floors were all bedrooms. The owner had some prostitutes working the upstairs floors, and supplied bad booze for those who suffered from a great thirst; this was during Prohibition.

Some pool sharks made the hotel their headquarters, to take advantage of the train crews. I watched the hustlers and their prey work out with their cues.

The railroad paid for the room, which I shared with another dining-car cook. The sheets were clean, but the building had a woebegone appearance, and a musty smell pervaded the whole structure.

At 6 a.m. we heard a loud knock on our door: the hotel clerk did this for all the crew members. We struggled out of bed, walked downstairs, and crossed the street to the station, where our train was already positioned for our return trip. Departure time was 8 a.m.

The stewards stayed at a hotel that catered to whites. I think that's the way they wanted it; they didn't mingle. Some of the stewards were popular, some weren't, but they seemed to look down on the blacks as being beneath them, even though most of them had no more education than the black men they supervised.

In a ritual that would be familiar to Fleming, a Milwaukee Road dining-car chef prepares meat in the galley.



HENRY J. MCCORD



the last stops before Los Angeles. The waiters were anxious to get rid of any loiterers who sat at the tables talking in the comfortable dining room. When the last passenger—or "snake two," as my colleague Fred Turner described it—had departed, the waiters removed the table covers, polished the silverware, and sacked up the linen, including the cooks' clothes.

The dining cars were spiffy. The kitchen floor had a sheet of copper bolted in place, fitted with wooden slats that covered every square inch. I had to wash and scrub the slats until they were almost white, then stand them on their sides while we mopped the copper flooring. We oiled the stove on top, cleaned the range and charcoal grills, polished the coffee urn, and cleaned and put away the



If any of us had a friend among the passengers, we'd tell the steward, and he would allow the person to get a meal free after all the paying guests had left. Once I had two friends who let me know the day before they were traveling, and I used my prerogative. They were provided with a waiter who attended them like paying guests.

My colleague Fred Turner was a former professional boxer who said little to anyone. He was one of three brothers from Salt Lake City who came to San Francisco and now worked for the railroad. All three were prizefighters when they were young.

Joe, the eldest brother, became a local star in the featherweight class. He had a fearsome punch and knocked out opponents larger than himself, which caused most fighters in his



FRED H. MATTHEWS JR.

weight class to avoid him. He often had to fight men as big as middleweights. The story was told that when Joe was just a third cook, the SP commissary superintendent became so excited during a fight that he shouted from ringside, "Knock the bum out, and I'll make you a chef tomorrow!" Joe knocked him cold. Evidently the superintendent kept his promise, for Joe was jumped over the second cook and promoted to chef.

Fred followed Joe into the ring, but eventually went to work for SP, where he rose from fourth cook to chef. Fred never did think his brother was much of a cook, but Joe kept his job until he retired in the 1940's.

The food was always fresh

The chefs were very professional and had a lot of imagina-

tion. Our menus were varied, and the food was always fresh—nothing canned. The hamburger was made with a hand-operated meat grinder. If the main dish was roast pork, I had to peel the apples and make stewed applesauce as a condiment. When chickens were boiled for chicken salad or fricassee, the stock was placed in gallon cans and saved for sauces and gravy. We made lamb casserole with carrots and baby white onions, and placed each order in the oven in a separate glazed clay casserole dish with a lid. Before serving, we spooned peas on top with a bit of chopped parsley.

We generally had about three different vegetables for lunch and dinner, plus mashed potatoes, rice, and sometimes candied yams. We prepared all the desserts on the train except the

pound cake. The chefs made real cooks out of us; after some time on the SP, we were capable of working in any fine restaurant. But most fine restaurants didn't hire black chefs.

The railroad had two black supervisors who made periodic inspections of dining-car crews: Henderson Davis, the traveling chef, and Max Hall, the traveling headwaiter. They traveled the system checking kitchens, dining rooms, and pantries.

Over a long career at SP, Davis had worked his way up to chef. As inspector, he remained in the kitchen during mealtime, watching closely to see how the food was cooked. Hall had performed equally well as a waiter, and both men could analyze whether someone who was not performing according to company rules could keep his job.

Fleming frequently worked trains out of the Oakland Mole. On February 3, 1952, two decades after his time on the SP, the *City of San Francisco* is ready to depart on track 9.



Thomas Fleming, railroad man

THOMAS C. FLEMING, 94, is the West Coast's oldest and longest-tenured black journalist. A co-founder in 1944 of the *Sun-Reporter*, San Francisco's leading African-American newspaper, he continues to write for the paper each week from his home.

Born in Jacksonville, Fla., Fleming was initially raised by his grandmother, whom he believes was a former slave. In 1919, at age 11, he moved to the small town of Chico in California's Sacramento Valley. In 1927, a year after graduating from Chico High School and his short stint on a Sacramento Northern carferry, Fleming was hired by Southern Pacific, where he spent almost five years as a cook.

In February 1996, he saw the public TV program "Crossroads: A Story of West Oakland," which told of the city's railroad history. This inspired Fleming to write his own railroad memoirs, which ran as a series in the *Sun-Reporter*.

Those columns form the backbone for this article. To flesh it out, I spent many hours at Fleming's home with a tape recorder, drawing new details from him and later merg-



Journalist Thomas Fleming at work in his home office in San Francisco.

ing his written and spoken words. Then I went over the text with him line by line, and made his requested changes.

Fleming welcomes e-mail at tflemingsf@aol.com. His railroad stories are part of a book-length project on black history, still in progress. For more of his railroad writings, check out his web site at: www.freepress.org/fleming/fleming.html.—Max Millard



The inspectors did not want anyone to know when they were going to be aboard, but when we passed a train coming toward us, one of us would signal if the inspectors were waiting at the oncoming train's next stop. Thus would begin a frenzy to get things in order. We never had much to straighten up, though, because our chef and our pantryman saw to it that everything on our train was clean all the time.

Allan Pollak, general manager of SP's dining-car service, frequently left his San Francisco office and traveled on inspection. I recall one time when Pollak was on the car at the same time as Davis and Hall. The two black men did what we called a great Uncle Tom act, and were very caustic in their comments to the crew. We knew they were just trying to impress their boss.

I served as fourth cook for only two or three trips, then was moved up to third cook and even made a couple of trips as second cook. I was lucky that first year: I survived the customary layoffs after the heavy tourist trade in late August.

Black on a white railroad

We worked for "Aunt Mary": that was the nickname the black

workers gave to the Southern Pacific. The railroad was a giant in California—the biggest property owner in the state.

It seemed that most blacks in California came from Texas or Louisiana, because those states were on the SP main line. New Orleans was the easternmost point for the railroad. I heard that the company recruited black workers in the South so they could pay them lower wages, and brought them to the West Coast to work on the dining cars and in the railroad's shops.

I soon found that the well-heeled white passengers did not attempt to learn the names of the porters or waiters, but addressed them all simply as "George," after George M. Pullman, the titan behind the sleeping car and the Pullman Company. This senseless "George" tradition seemed to rile some black employees, especially the chefs. Most chefs mocked the waiters and porters by calling them George in the most disdainful manner.

In fall 1928, after working for the SP for more than a year, I encountered the seniority system, one of the many benefits that the trade-union movement has bestowed on American in-

dustry. When I went to the commissary to sign up on the time-cards, I discovered I had been scratched by a third cook with more seniority. So I had to leave the crew that I had been with since the beginning. I soon got a place on another dining car.

For most of my first two years, I worked on the *San Joaquin* between Oakland and Los Angeles, about 400 miles. It left each terminal at 8 a.m. and arrived at 11:30 p.m. It was put into service because of the success of the *Daylight*, the popular day train that used SP's scenic Coast Line. The *Daylight*—with its 100-plus miles of coastline running, its observation car, and its glamorous image—consistently hauled more passengers than the *San Joaquin*.

Encounters in black and white

I never learned the names of the white train crews. Why should I? They didn't know my name. I was back in the dining car and didn't come into contact with them. The conductor and the brakemen were kept busy throughout the train, and the engineer and fireman had to plenty to do to operate the locomotive.

There were only two occasions I remember spending time

with the white crew. Once was on a special train hired by a movie company for some outdoor scenes. The actors and technical people were away from the train, and I got to talk to some of the operating crew because they wanted coffee and sandwiches from the dining car.

The other time was when Japanese Emperor Hirohito's younger brother, Prince Takamatsu, traveled to Yosemite National Park by train while he was on a tour of the United States. SP gave him and his entourage one dining car with a crew of two cooks and two waiters, an observation car, and a baggage car. I was one of the cooks, along with a white chef. We cooked steaks; that's all they wanted.

I never saw a white waiter, but I did work with one white chef. He was a hell of a nice old man, and a very good cook. I don't think color made any difference to Southern Pacific in hiring kitchen crews; if they needed you for a job and you were qualified, they'd hire you.

With the stock market crash of 1929, few thought that the nation and the world were on the verge of the Great Depression. But I could put together what was happening. I began to see people riding freights going up and down California. Newspapers spread stories about factories and coal mines closing up. Trade unions fought hard to survive as more and more workers were laid off.

I began to realize just how big the Depression was during my first trip to Chicago, in 1930. Every freight train we passed was full of people—men and women, blacks and whites, even entire families with babies in their arms, wandering in search of jobs that did not exist.

People were on the move all over the nation. More were riding the freights than the passenger trains, it seemed. Arrayed against them were the railroad police—people called them railroad bulls—who would throw off all freeloaders, even in the most desolate country.

Meanwhile, the passenger business declined, so the railroads began taking off cars and

reducing the work force. Some Pullman sleeping cars were replaced with chair cars. And some trains were canceled, which meant fewer crews in all categories. If your seniority was less than 10 years, your chances of working every day were not very good.

I was bumped around from one dining car to another and began to suffer my first apprehensions about life. I would spend the day down at the board, hoping a vacancy would occur for a third cook, but I had no luck.

Before 1931 ended, work had become so infrequent that for long periods I did not go near the commissary. I worked perhaps one trip every three weeks. By 1932, the Southern Pacific

no longer had a place for me. I was still technically employed, but I was bringing nothing in. I didn't quit my job; I just stopped going down there.

If the Depression had not interfered, I might have remained a railroad worker. No doubt I would have become a chef, since I was next in line to be promoted to second cook when I left. Today, I still do all my own cooking, and almost everything I cook, I learned on the railroad. But I won't make french fries. I used to work my tail off to get those potatoes peeled and shaped and cooked. I hate the sight of them.

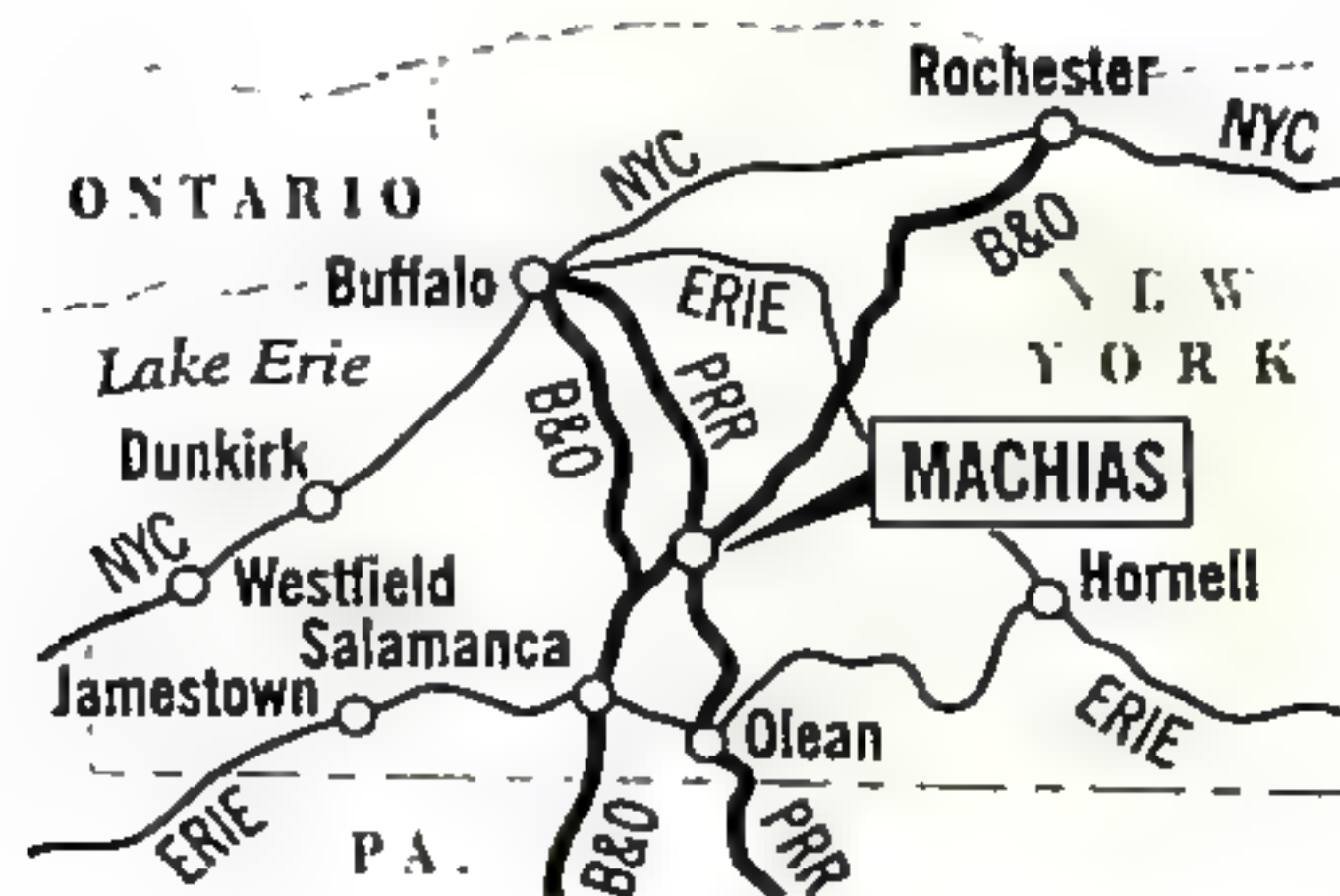
And the last time I took a long train ride was in 1980. ■

Fleming recalls how the Tehachapi tunnels—such as San Fernando Tunnel, shown here behind doubleheaded SP steam—sent smoke wafting through the train's interior. SP's November 1928 *Bulletin* featured a chef.



WARD KIMBALL





One day at . . . Machias, N.Y.

Photos by Mert Leet

IN JULY 1951, Merwin A. "Mert" Leet was home on leave from his job in the food inspection department of the Army's Quartermaster Depot in Chicago, visiting his hometown of Mayville in far western New York State.

Always a fan of passenger trains, Leet liked the Railway Mail Service in particular. He inherited his fondness for trains from his dad, and when Mert was a kid, his uncle would take him along to deliver the mail to the New York Central on the main line in nearby Westfield. On a sunny, humid afternoon that

July, Leet drove his 1939 Plymouth 75 miles east to the obscure hamlet of Machias, N.Y., where Baltimore & Ohio's local 854 soon would call, toting the Salamanca & Rochester Railway Post Office. Due in at 5:22 p.m., the train was on the return leg of a daytime turnaround out of Rochester.

According to *Official Guides* and employee timetables of the era, this was the Rochester Sub-Division of the Buffalo Division of B&O's Central Division. Probably to most folks it was still "the BR&P," initials of the Buffalo, Rochester & Pitts-

Guarding the diamonds at Machias in 1951 was a typical B&O wooden depot, containing the interlocking machine for the crossing. First to show up was a northbound PRR freight, F3 9561 leading.





B&O 854, having just met the freight, eases up to pause at the Machias depot. Up front is Pacific 5264, built by Brooks for BR&P in 1923. After the stop, with the fireman intent on the road crossing and curve ahead, it chuffs off for Rochester, trailing the RPO-baggage car and a lone, and undoubtedly lightly patronized, coach.





Summer afternoon thunderheads add a humid atmosphere as a B&O freight from Rochester thumps across the PRR diamonds at Machias and takes siding to meet passenger local 854.

burgh, which the B&O bought in 1932.

The small, frame B&O Machias depot, at the crossing of the Pennsylvania Railroad's Buffalo-Harrisburg line, served both roads. On the B&O, Machias was 83 miles geographically south of Rochester and 24 miles north of East Salamanca, the BR&P division point adjacent to the city of Salamanca. Ashford, N.Y., where the Buffalo and Rochester lines from Pittsburgh split, was 10 miles south of Machias. By rail on the Pennsy, Machias was 44 miles south of Buffalo and 268 miles north of Harrisburg.

In passenger-service amenities, Machias was a long way from the likes of B&O's flagship *Capitol Limited*. In fact, all six trains on the old BR&P were simple coach-only locals, operated primarily for the U.S. Post Office. The turn from Rochester connected at East Salamanca with Pittsburgh-*Buffalo* daytime runs 254 and 251; complementing the latter were overnight trains 252 and 253.

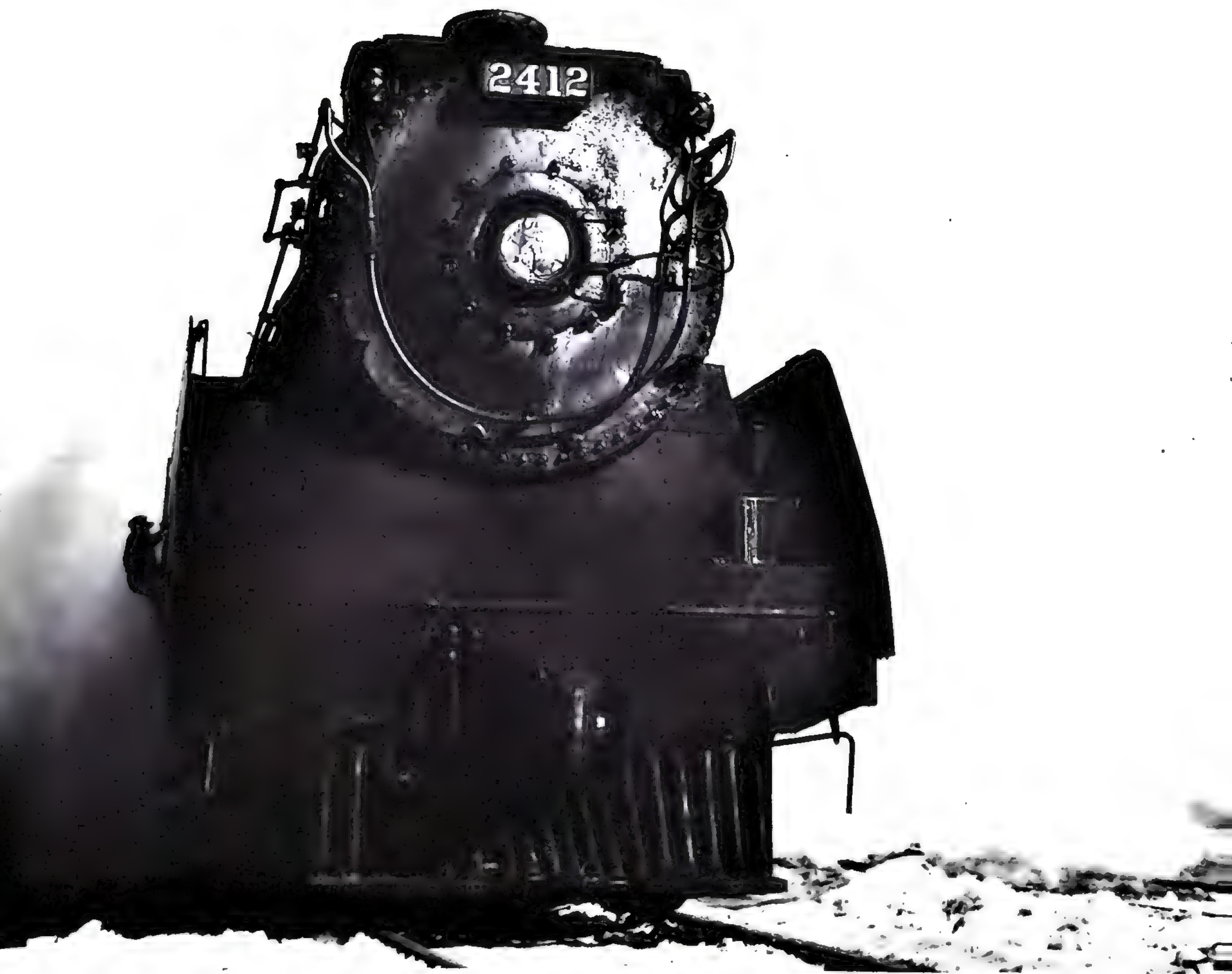
Although Pennsy ran four passenger trains on its Buffalo line, only one—570, the southbound *Washington & Philadelphia Express*—called at Machias, at 8:32

a.m. To catch its northward counterpart, a Machias customer had to go to Franklinville, 5 miles south, or Arcade, 8 miles north. PRR's overnight *Dominion*, with through cars that connected Buffalo with Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York, did not stop at either Arcade or Machias.

On that July 1951 day, Leet had his fourth roll of Kodachrome loaded in his secondhand Argus C3; he'd just converted from shooting black-and-white. PRR was first to show up, with an F3 trio on a northbound freight. Next was a B&O freight, with F3 161 leading, and shortly thereafter came his target, 854.

The Rochester passenger locals would come off in 1953, the year after B&O's Buffalo night trains; the Buffalo day locals lasted until 1955. Today, freights on the old Pennsy, now Norfolk Southern's Buffalo Line, barely nod as they pass Machias, and this portion of the old BR&P is but a memory.—J. David Ingles





In a view from Plowden's series documenting the end of Canadian Pacific steam, a hostler climbs down from Canadian Pacific 4-6-2 2412 at Montreal

David Plowden:

Master of the 11th hour

Disappearing aspects of American life are his stock in trade

By John Gruber • Photos by David Plowden

DAVID PLOWDEN speaks passionately about his four and a half decades as a photographer. He proudly relates that his first published photograph appeared in 1954 in *TRAINS* magazine, a year before he graduated from Yale with an economics degree. Born in Boston in 1932, he has lived in Winnetka, Ill., since 1978.

Plowden characterizes his career as staying one step ahead of the wrecking ball. After photographing locomotives and other aspects of railroading in the early 1960's, he turned his camera to depots, steamboats, bridges, small towns, and barns. Disappearing things are his stock in trade.

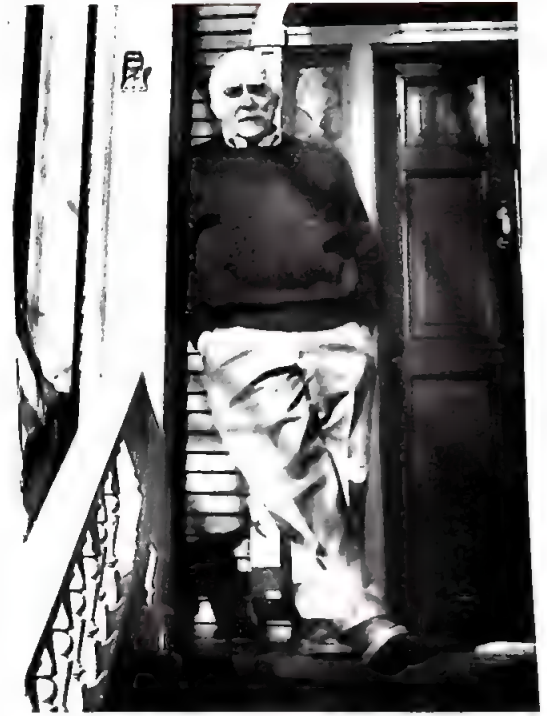
Plowden's entire body of work—prints, negatives, notes, and correspondence—is being acquired by the Beinecke Manuscript and Rare Book Library at Yale. "They wanted it because, they said, 'One or two hundred years from now your work will show people what an America that doesn't exist was like.'"

Solely a black-and-white photographer, he calculates he

has exposed nearly 13 miles of film in his lifetime. "I learned very quickly from my students who are color photographers that color has a language of its own. It is not a matter of putting a roll of color film in the camera and making pictures. There is a profound difference between black-and-white and color, as great a difference as there is between motion and still photography."

Plowden is not about to stop making pictures. He has always had an assistant, but develops all the film and does his own printing. "No one has ever printed for me, and no one ever will. I am a very traditional photographer, and am in danger of becoming a dinosaur, like the subjects I photograph. Today it is hard to find someone who wants to spend hours in the darkroom learning technique. Traditional photographic craftsmanship is becoming as anachronistic as the steam locomotive. Even the materials I use are being discontinued. I have two freezers full of paper and film; because I'm afraid the day will come when the particular materials I use will no longer be made."

Since 1962, Plowden has worked almost exclusively with one type of camera, the Hasselblad, always with a tripod, and with only a few lenses. For exposures he uses the Zone System,



developed by Ansel Adams, although Plowden has modified it.

What are his most memorable railroad photographs? He quickly cited the view of Erie Lackawanna's *Phoebe Snow* at Scranton, Pa [page 57]. He made it in January 1964 while on an assignment to photograph railroad stations for *Horizon* magazine. "I saw this scene through the doorway to the platform, so I asked the person behind the ticket window if it was OK to go out and make a



photograph. He said, 'I have to call the superintendent.'

"I thought, well, that's going to take all day, so I calmly walked out through the doors, and jumped up on a baggage wagon. I lay down, put the Roliflex on it, took out my light meter, took a quick exposure reading with my light meter, and managed to get off a couple of exposures. I knew I was going to use only one, where everybody was in just the right posi-

tion. Within three minutes, the train was gone. As I went back through the station, the man said, 'Sorry, I can't get the superintendent; I can't give you permission.' I said, 'That's all right.'

"Life, like that time at Scranton, is a series of moments that are never repeated," Plowden continued. "Nothing will ever be the same again. You have to get it at the time; you can't come back, it will always be different. The photo has been published and published and republished. It's hard to print, because of the clock. I overdeveloped the film

just enough to make the clock blow out, so I have to burn it in. That's a terrible job to do, to get the hands on the clock right."

Plowden doesn't have a favorite photograph, but admits he never gets tired of looking at the one of a Great Northern freight running across the horizon west of Havre, Mont. [page 54]. "I saw that train 40 miles back, when I was on Route 2

David Plowden



Canadian National 0-8-0 8304 backs out of the roundhouse at Hamilton, Ontario, in May 1959. Sturdy *New York Central No. 31* adds to the mist at Weehawken, N.J., in 1963; on her retirement four years later, she would be the very last steam tug working in New York Harbor.

driving in a Volkswagen bus against the wind, which is rather like tacking a sailboat. To me, the thing that made the photograph was an open door on one of the boxcars. So I floored the old bus, went as fast as I could, finally got ahead of the train, leaped out of the car, jumped over a barbed wire fence, and set up the tripod. Everything must have been with me: the clouds and their shadows, and the light in the field in front of the train were beautiful

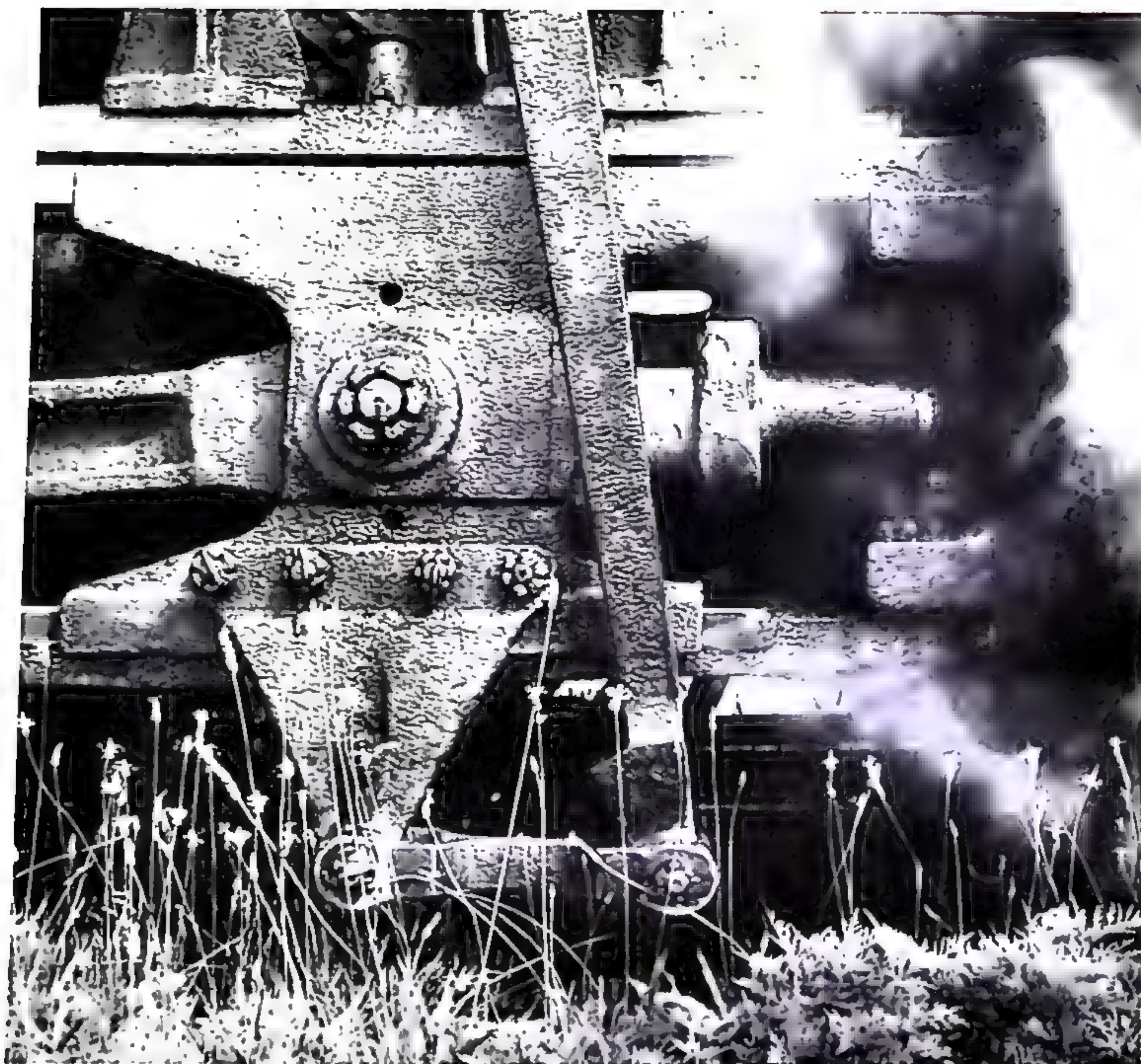
of my best pictures."

He claims his best group of railroad pictures was taken in the 11th hour of steam on the Canadian Pacific. "The CPR was wonderful. D. B. Wallace, their public-relations manager, realized the end of steam was an historic event, something that needed to be documented, and he gave me the run of the railroad in summer 1959 and again

in March 1960. I spent two glorious weeks in Montreal photographing by day and developing film all night in a makeshift darkroom in a motel bathroom. Perhaps the best picture I made was of the 2412 at Glen engine terminal with a hostler coming down the side of the engine as they were blowing out the boiler [page 48]. The 2412 never ran again."

Despite the demise of the steam locomotive, Plowden's in-

David Plowden



Crosshead of Pennsylvania Railroad 0-6-0 5244, leased to Union Transportation Co. at New Egypt, N.J., 1959; the B6sb was the last Pennsy engine in steam. From Plowden's railroaders project, a Delaware & Hudson brakeman is seen working at Whitehall, N.Y., in 1975.

terest in railroading continued. He photographed railroad ferries and steam tugs until they were all gone in 1967, and he continued to photograph stations wherever he could find them.

In 1975, when the Smithsonian Institution and the U.S. Department of Transportation commissioned him to photograph railroaders, Plowden spent a summer on the Delaware & Hudson. "Bruce Sterzing was its president then. He said, 'You

can go where you want as far as I am concerned.' I made my headquarters in Oneonta, where I'd worked on the track when I was in college. Oneonta was a major yard then. I spent a lot of time riding a local freight south to Nineveh and back. I covered the entire railroad, from Rouses Point to Wilkes-Barre. I had a hell of a good time and made a hell of a lot of photographs."

Plowden also wanted to record heavy-duty, high-density railroading, so he obtained assistance from a Penn Central public-relations officer, Cecil Muldoon. He spent two or three weeks photographing a track gang working between Altoona and Johnstown, Pa.

The last time Plowden photographed railroads was for the book *Industrial Landscape*, published in 1985. "Obviously, you can't do a book on Chicago without dealing with the railroads," he said.

Although photography is his primary voice, Plowden is an ex-



cellent writer. In the 1987 book *A Time of Trains*, he tells of a ride in the cab of a Great Northern 4-8-2 at night when he was working for the railway. "It's one of the great experiences of my life. I didn't have a camera, and besides, it wasn't photographable. About 90 percent of what you see doesn't make a photograph. There was no way a photograph could have caught the experience of that ride." Plowden worked for GN for a year as an assistant trainmaster. When

he was promoted to an office job, he quit.

A boyhood love of steam locomotives got him started in photography. "As a child, I adored the steam engine. That was the most exciting thing in the world. Like most kids, I aspired to be a locomotive engineer."

He recalls many boyhood experiences on the railroads and the men who made them possible. "A wonderful conductor on the Lehigh Valley, John Caffrey, would let me ride from New

him in the baggage car. 'Curley' Burns, who was a baggagemaster on the Central Vermont, would come on at East Northfield, and I would ride the baggage car to Brattleboro, then the engine from Brattleboro to Putney, where for many years I lived on a farm.

"Bill Hogan was like a grandfather. He was a wonderfully dignified old conductor on the





In one of Plowden's favorite pictures, a Great Northern freight rolls across the plains west of Havre, Mont., in 1968.

David Plowden



In a composition combining two of Plowden's interests, a Southern Railway freight blurs past 19th-century architecture at Orange, Va., in 1961. Erie Lackawanna's *Phoebe Snow* stands at Scranton, Pa., in 1964; the cover photo of *A Time of Trains*, it's one of his best-known pictures.

Rutland. I often used to ride from Bellows Falls to Rutland, and I would come back on his train. He would say, 'Don't you want to ride on the engine? Get out on the other side so the trainmaster won't see you. Bill Cannon [the engineer] is up there waiting for you.'

"So I would rush up the other side of the train, and climb onto the engine. Once or twice the

Green Mountain Flyer would have one of the 90's, the four green-and-gold 4-8-2's built in 1946. Most of the time we had a light Pacific or a Ten-Wheeler.

"Old Bill would get behind the throttle of that engine, and he would rip and roar, whistle shrieking as if he was being chased by a band of Comanches. I would sit on the fireman's seat—the fireman never sat down because he was shoveling coal all the way. To sit in that cab as a kid was one of the most exhilarating and terrifying experiences I can remember. The en-

so much you expected it to go flying off into the Williams River Gorge. But I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world. With my experiences with the railroad in those days, it's no wonder I can't find it exciting today."

In 1959 Plowden worked for O. Winston Link and studied with Minor White, but he credits Walker Evans as having the greatest influence on him. "He took me under his wing in the



early 1960's while he was working for *Fortune* and during what he claimed were his 'happiest days' at Yale, until his death in 1975. He was like one of the family."

Plowden's record speaks for itself: 20 books, most recently, in

TRAINS.

David Plowden photos illustrate a study of Chicago & North Western steam-era helper operations at Hudson, Wis., in the August issue of *TRAINS*, on sale now.

June 2002, a completely revised edition of *Bridges: The Spans of North America*; exhibitions all across the country; innumerable magazine articles; teaching at the Illinois Institute of Technology's Institute of Design, the University of Iowa, and Grand Valley State University in Michigan. An Emmy-winning television program, *David Plowden: Light, Shadow, and Form*, pro-

duced in 2000 by PBS station WGVU at Grand Valley State, is broadcast occasionally on public television.

Plowden is not an optimist, and a sense of loss pervades his work. "I am trying to make us see what we have lost. I hope my photographs reflect the sadness I feel when I reflect on all the things that have disappeared, whether it be steam engines or so many of the values we have revered." **I**

Carolina Circle

Riding secondary passenger trains and exploring the Piedmont in 1966

By J. David Ingles • Photos by the author



AS THE CROW FLIES, it's 300 miles from Knoxville, Tenn., due east to Raleigh, N.C. This is presuming the crow flies fairly straight and soars high enough to clear the Appalachian Mountains. I was two-thirds through my only stint in the South; the time was March 1966, during my second semester of graduate work in the University of Tennessee's Transportation School.

By March I'd pretty much explored the Southern and Louisville & Nashville in east Tennessee, re-visited the Tennessee Central, and experienced some of the storied, mountain-hopping Clinchfield. It was time to go over those mountains myself and visit a friend I'd never

met, photographer Wiley M. Bryan of Raleigh, and see his hometown railroad, the Seaboard Air Line, and their neighbors. I'd traded train slides by mail with Wiley, a real estate/mortgage banking executive who as a young man had fired Seaboard steam locomotives, for several years; we'd been introduced as pen pals by a mutual friend, Ed Spitzer of Kenosha, Wis.

How to save some miles on my 1961 Ford Galaxie and take in some new (to me) trains? The *Official Guide* made it easy to plan a long weekend. I'd take the through Southern-Norfolk & Western service to Roanoke, Va.; the N&W to Petersburg, Va.; and the Seaboard to Ra-

leigh. Homeward, I would make use of an obscure "connecting point" only a concerted *Guide* search could dig out—tiny Carlisle, S.C. The routing: Seaboard from Raleigh to Carlisle and Southern's *Carolina Special* home to Knoxville. It would be a 1039-mile circle, all in coach and most of it on workaday trains rather than streamliners, with only the first 42 miles out of Knoxville duplicated.

At 11:20 on St. Patrick's Day evening I boarded No. 18, the eastbound *Birm-*

Unusual stainless-steel-flanked E7 3041 leads Seaboard Air Line train 8, the *Sunland*, north out of Raleigh, N.C., on March 20, 1966.





Soon after sunrise at Roanoke, an N&W freight with auto-racks arrived off the Shenandoah Valley line. One of my few good shots of one of its Tuscan red GP9's is of 504, at Petersburg, Va.

ingham Special, at Southern's Knoxville depot. The cost of my one-way ticket (the only such note I made for this trip): \$4.60 for the 131 miles on the Southern, \$7.43 for the 322 miles on N&W.

In those days, Southern sent four trains each way daily through Knoxville, three on the Washington-Chattanooga route which used N&W between Lynchburg and Bristol, Va., plus the Cincinnati-Columbia (S.C.) *Carolina Special*. The three Chattanooga trains were the *Pelican* from New Orleans (both ways in the afternoon), the *Birmingham Special* from its Alabama namesake (both ways at night), and the *Tennessean* from Memphis (ditto). I'd ridden the *Carolina Special* a couple of times to Cincinnati en route to my Michigan home, and had gone to Birmingham once with friend

Jerry Jarrett to see the railroads of his hometown.

The "real N&W"

I was just too young to have traveled to see N&W steam, and my only exposure to the "real N&W"—i.e., the Tuscan red one, not the new blue one we knew as the Nickel Plate and Wabash—had been in southern Ohio. So when I awakened from a night of off-and-on sleep in one of those familiar, comfortable heavy-weight Southern coaches on the *Birmingham Special* as it neared Roanoke, I determined to make the most of my 5-hour layover in N&W's hub. Our diesels, a Southern E7-E6 duo, got our 11-car train into Roanoke on-time at 6:10 a.m.; I was scheduled to depart at 11:30 on N&W 4, the *Pocahontas*.

N&W headquarters, the modern passenger depot, Roanoke Shops—all were before me as I spent my time photographing trains from the platforms, nearby trackside areas, and an overhead street bridge. I'd no sooner gotten up on a viaduct after my inbound train had left than, just after sunrise, a freight with auto-racks up front came in off the Shenandoah Valley line behind two SD35's and an RS11. Soon a mixed freight headed east behind an RS11 and two GP9's, then another drag with one of each model. The SD35's were among N&W's newest power.

I made sure to return to the station platforms in time for the westbound *Powhatan Arrow*, which arrived with only four cars behind red GP9 519 at 10:25 for a 10-minute stop to add a diner-lounge, among other things. This day, grubby GP9 691 had the depot duties. Its crew had a busy mid-morning, for only 20 minutes separated No. 25's departure and the arrival of my No. 4; it arrived with 16 cars behind red GP9's 507 and 501.

This was the first of six interludes on my trip when I watched what seems to be an under-remarked aspect of pre-Amtrak passenger railroading: en-route depot switching. I also witnessed it at Raleigh, Hamlet, and Monroe, N.C., on the Seaboard, and at Spartanburg, S.C., and



Top to bottom: Its train looking like an escapee from a model-railroad starter set, Aberdeen & Rockfish GP18 300 ambles back into Aberdeen, N.C., on March 19, 1966, with five cars of as many types. Earlier the same day, three Laurinburg & Southern GE 70-tonners at Raeford tackle coal interchanged from A&R. Next morning, Seaboard SDP35 1113, one of SAL's 20, pauses at Raleigh with northbound nameless train 4.



Asheville, N.C., on the Southern.

Off No. 4 came 10&6 sleeper *City of Kokomo*, a former Nickel Plate car covering the Cincinnati-Roanoke line; diner 494; two N&W baggage cars (one in red, one in blue); two Railway Express (REX) refrigerated express cars; and a Pennsylvania mail boxcar. On went diner 493 and an REX box. According to the *Guide*, the "Pokey's" diner-lounge operated only between Williamson, W.Va., and Crewe, Va., but the shop and commissary were in Roanoke, hence the rotation there.

We had a sunny day for our assault of the Blue Ridge. Our 15-minute stop at the two-year-old Lynchburg depot south of downtown allowed me to saunter forward for a photo of our two red GP9's, but the backlighting was se-





CLASSIC TRAINS COLLECTION

Making a rare appearance at Hamlet on TT-23 (top) behind the lead GP35/GP30 were two of SAL's C420's; Baldwin S12 pairs (right) worked the hump. My North Carolina guide was Wiley M. Bryan, pictured above in the cab of SAL 2-8-2 381 in his younger days; he died at 72 in 1991.

vere. Behind the depot on the connection from the Southern main line, an E7-E6 set on the westbound *Tennessean*—which had made its stop at Southern's Kemper Street station—waited for us to clear.

Seaboard introduction

Petersburg had three passenger stations, one for each carrier, and we rolled into N&W's, on the "city line" near downtown (freights bypassed the area), on time. What should I see first upon detraining but our westbound counterpart, No. 3, behind Geeps 521 and 514. Apparently it was a bit tardy, for the *Guide* shows it was due out 15 minutes before our arrival.

I never had good luck photographing those Tuscan red Geeps of N&W's, but parked nearby was 504, apparently for the leg of the nightly *Cavalier* that carried a through New York-Norfolk sleeper from Richmond via the Atlantic Coast Line. In fact, an ACL switcher showed



up with freight cars on the connection just before I taxied south a mile and a half to Seaboard's colonial-style depot. I had a little over an hour before the arrival of SAL's "second-best" train (after the *Silver Meteor*), No. 21, the *Silver Star*.

I was eagerly anticipating my first encounter with the SAL. Seaboard and ACL would merge in 15 months to form the redundantly named Seaboard Coast Line ("Atlantic Seaboard Line" would've made more sense, but that didn't play to the partners' commonly used names), and eventually Seaboard's main line from Petersburg south to Ridgeway, N.C., would be removed. But in March 1966, SAL to me was "the Nickel Plate of the Southeast": fast, CTC-equipped, mostly single-track, and the perceived hustler trying to best its straighter, double-track neighbor NYC . . . errr, ACL.

"A one-way ticket to Raleigh, please," I asked the agent. "Sure, I'll sell you a ticket, but the train is full. You'll have to ask the conductor if he'll carry you. If not, you can take number 33." That was the Birmingham-bound *Silver Comet*, due an hour and 15 minutes after the *Star*. While coach seats on both required a reservation, the *Comet* was combined as far as Hamlet with the *Sunland* to Tampa, whose coaches did not require a

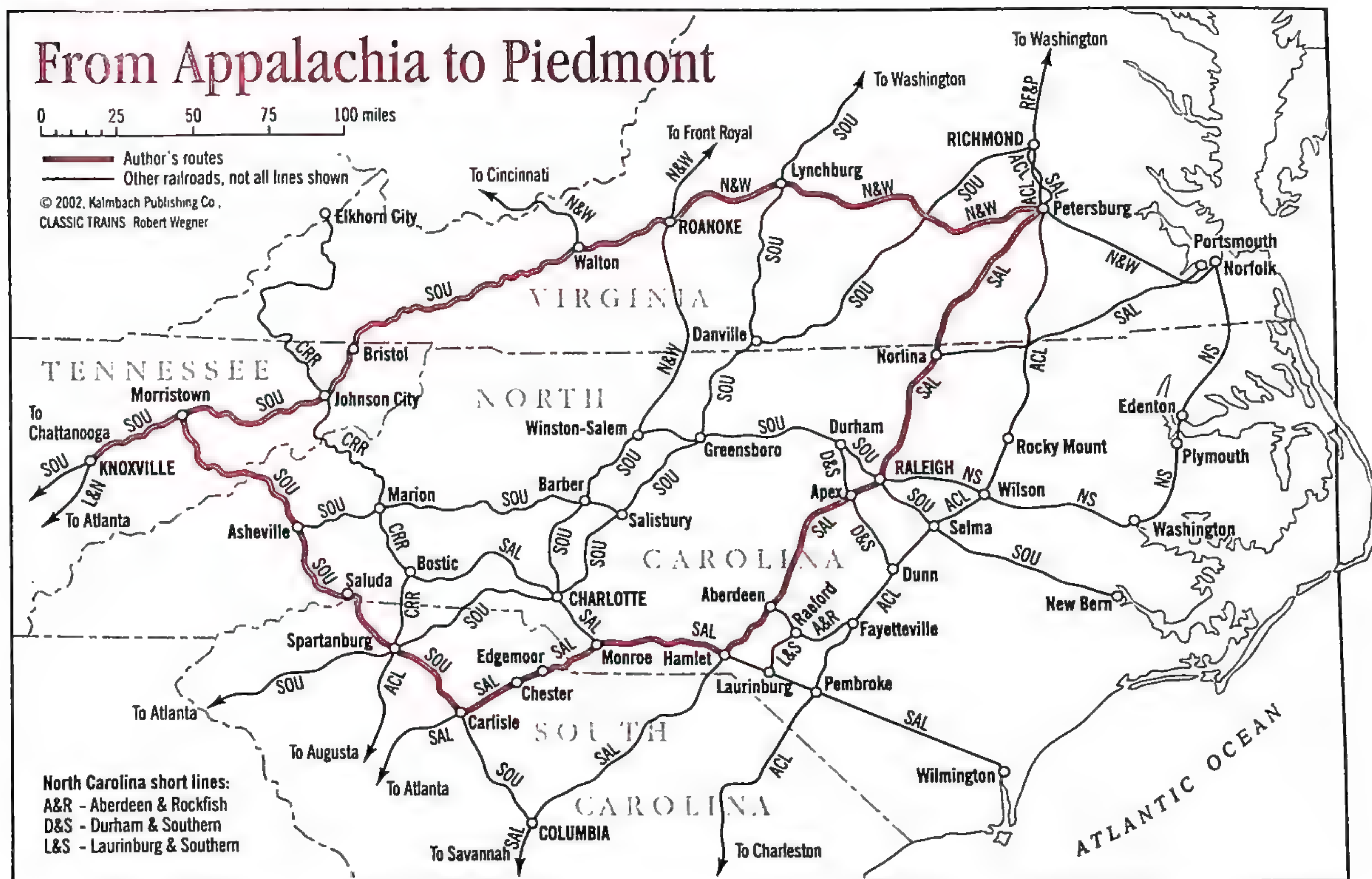
reservation. (The *Sunland* also handled cars off the *Tidewater*, a train that linked Portsmouth, Va.—SAL's headquarters city prior to Richmond—with Raleigh.)

It was just dusk when four of SAL's distinctive pale-mint-green/red-striped E units—two E7's and two E8's—roared in from the north with the 23-car *Star* and screeched to a halt. I headed for the nearest trainman who'd put down a stepbox and stated my desire to go to Raleigh, the next stop 134½ miles and 2 hours, 10 minutes down the line.

"Sure, I'll take you," he said, "if you don't mind sittin' in the lounge car. We're jammed!" Seaboard touted itself as "the route of courteous service," and it sure proved that before I'd even set foot on one of its trains. I climbed aboard, stowed my bags in the end of a coach, and went forward one car to the lounge and found a seat. It was a fast, smooth, and noisy ride.

Prowling the Piedmont

Wiley Bryan knew I was coming in on Friday evening, of course, but not on which train. I set my bags down on the Raleigh station platform and busied myself writing down the train's consist during its 5-minute stop. As the *Silver Star* pulled out, a distinguished gentleman



approached me and asked if I was Dave. We introduced, then found ourselves occupied for almost two hours telling stories and train-watching at the depot, where Wiley hung out and, of course, knew everyone.

At 8 p.m., a half hour after my *Star* left, the northbound *Palmland*, train 10, came in from Hamlet for a 20-minute stop, with 13 cars behind a pair of SDP-35's. SAL was EMD's largest customer for the 2500 h.p. passenger version of the SD35 (20 of 35 built), assigning them to secondary trains. Three SAL coaches, two "foreign" sleepers (a Rock Island *Golden State* and a C&O), and an SAL diner trailed seven head-end cars.

Forty minutes after the *Palmland* left came my backup ride from the north, the *Comet*. Now mind you, this was the "third-best" SAL train, but it was impressive nonetheless, with two E8's, an SDP35, and 12 cars including three sleepers (C&O's *City of Montgomery* and *City of Ashland*, and Erie Lackawanna's *Pride of Youngstown*). Added from train 17, the *Tidewater*, from Portsmouth were two sleepers (SAL *Piedmont Valley* and *New Haven Monument Beach*) and two SAL coaches; 17's E7, baggage car, and diner remained in Raleigh. No wonder

On the weekend itself, Wiley and I prowled Carolina's Piedmont region. Saturday we were joined by his friend Warren Calloway, one of several Raleigh-area railfans who were involved with an informal monthly club set up by Wiley and J. Parker Lamb when Lamb was at North Carolina State University. Others involved included ACL historian Tom King of Wilson, and Tom Sink and Garreth M. McDonald of Greensboro.

After an early-morning stop in Aberdeen, 67 miles south of the state capital on U.S. 1, to find out the plans of "first in the *Guide*" Aberdeen & Rockfish for the day, we drove on to Hamlet, SAL's hub. North of town stretched its big hump yard, worked by Baldwin and Alco switchers. At the diamond crossing downtown sat the huge two-story wooden depot, with passenger-car servicing facilities and storage tracks. The "witches'-hat" station survives today as a railroad museum, and CSX keeps the big yard active, despite today's dead-end nature of the old SAL main line north. To the east goes the line to Wilmington, most of which is the nation's longest rail tangent. To the west goes the route to Atlanta (and formerly Birmingham).

Before the morning passenger trains

trip to nearby Rockingham, where we found ACL SW8 53 assigned to subsidiary Rockingham Railroad. We were back in Hamlet in time for nameless Nos. 4 and 5, plus No. 9, the *Palmland*, all with SDP's in charge. No. 4 had engine 1103, No. 5 the 1117, and the *Palmland* the 1108 and 1114 back to back. The 1114 is displayed at the Hamlet depot today, innards removed, with SAL caboose 5241.

Then it was shortline time. Raeford, a town 20 miles northeast of Hamlet, was served by the A&R and the Laurinburg & Southern. We found three L&S GE 70-tonners there on a coal train A&R had delivered; then we drove west toward Aberdeen. As expected, we intercepted both of A&R's freights en route back to headquarters. Each had four cars and a caboose, the first with 15-year-old GP7 205, running backward, the second with three-year-old GP18 300, low-nose forward as intended.

We finished daylight back at Hamlet, photographing diesels at the servicing area and ending with hotshot TT-23 coming in from Richmond behind a GP35/GP30/C420/C420 quartet. Those last two units were a find—Seaboard's Alco Centurys rarely ventured north of



Interrupting a quiet day on the Coast Line main was a southbound piggyback hotshot at Wilson, N.C., behind GP30's 905 and 901 and F7 399.



On the morning of March 20, Norfolk Southern GP18 No. 5 was hostling Baldwin AS416 No. 1613 around the Raleigh diesel-shop area.

A quiet "Clothes Line"

Sunday morning, Wiley and I stuck around Raleigh, nabbing SAL 22, the northbound *Star* with three E units, then No. 8, the *Sunland* with two E's, the first of which was 3041 [pages 58-59], wearing experimental stainless-steel flanks *à la* the Burlington Route. The *Star* executed its scheduled "overtake" of the *Sunland*, which arrived in Raleigh first but departed second. That the *Star* came through in daylight northbound was a treat—one problem with North Carolina from a fan's viewpoint is that it was midway between the terminals of the top name trains. When you rode a New York-Florida streamliner, you saw little of the Carolinas in daylight.

Next was a nod to hometown Norfolk Southern Railway, which in 1963 had acquired 17 new gray GP18's but still had 12 red Baldwin AS416's active. Then it was back downtown for SAL passenger local No. 4 at the Raleigh depot. After 4 left, we drove south 40 miles to Dunn, the south end of the 57-mile, almost-all-Baldwin Durham & Southern. As anticipated, a road train was ready to head for Apex and Durham be-



Three D&S Baldwins—RS12 1200, DRS 362 (ex-NS 1504, retrucked from A1A to B), and DRS-4-41500 363 (ex-Soo 362)—storm out of Dunn.



hind one of the road's original three RS12's and two of its four recently acquired secondhand DRS-series. The other two RS12's and D&S's only non-Baldwin unit, 80-ton ex-Navy Porter center-cab 500, were also on hand.

After the Durham freight left, so did we, heading northeast 65 miles on U.S. 301 along the Atlantic Coast Line main toward its shop town of Rocky Mount. True to Wiley's prediction, the "Clothes Line" main, as he called it, was quiet at this time of day, although we did find a Southern GP30-GP35 pair switching at Selma. I suffered a film-loading problem at Rocky Mount, and what otherwise would've been a great shot of ACL's *Everglades*, train 375, with E6's 516 and 502 in charge, is half-bombed by a light leak. I did salvage a few portrait shots of Geeps and switchers, but ACL's dirty, black, all-EMD fleet wasn't compelling. En route back to Raleigh, though, we did nab a southbound ACL hotshot piggyback freight at Wilson.

The Carlisle connection

My homeward trek began early in the day, with Wiley dropping me at Seaboard's red-brick Raleigh depot for the 5:25 a.m. departure of No. 5, one of

trains to Atlanta and Birmingham.

At Hamlet, although I was unaware of it, No. 5 changed personalities. We'd come down with 14 cars behind that same stainless-steel-paneled E7, 3041, that I'd seen leading the *Sunland* the morning previous, and SDP35 1113, with 6 express reefers, 5 baggage cars, Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac combine 311, a Seaboard coach, and 2 express boxcars. I sat in the combine.

Our long head-end string was no accident, for the schedules on Seaboard's Hamlet-Atlanta-Birmingham route were geared toward mail-and-express business. There were two pairs of nameless coach-only locals, trains 3, 4, 5, and 6, plus the overnight *Comet* to and from New York, which carried a heavy head-end load in addition to its coaches, diner, lounge, and sleepers.

No. 5 was scheduled to layover for 55 minutes at Hamlet, and since it was now daylight, I wanted to make the most of it. Pictures first, of our train, the depot, northbound train No. 4, and some of the passenger cars sitting around. Breakfast second (great grits!), in the depot's beanery. It was getting close to our 8:45 departure when I emerged from the "back side" of the building, where train 5 had

Unbeknownst to me, my Seaboard No. 5 would change personalities at Hamlet; the E7 and many of the head-end cars would come off.

my bags at my seat in the combine, so imagine my shock when I saw that the car (along with half the head-end cars) had been removed!

Not to worry. As soon as I flew up the vestibule steps looking for a trainman, the conductor put me at ease by saying he'd put my bags in the coach. "I figured y'all had gone in to breakfast, and I was fixin' to come find-ja 'cuz we're about to get outta here."

Over and up, around and down we went through the sandy, pine-covered Carolina back country. After stopping at Rockingham, we met Bostic-Hamlet freight No. 92, with five units, at Wadesboro. Somewhere soon we passed a ballast train headed by GP7 1800. Monroe—where the line for Charlotte and SAL's Clinchfield connection at Bostic Yard diverged to the northwest—was a 5-minute stop. A GP7 removed the two express cars on our rear end, and I had time to get off and photograph a freight ready to follow us from the yard.

Carlisle, the flag stop where I would detrain to catch the *Carolina Special*,

Southern's station agent at Carlisle hands up orders to freight 151 (right), running just ahead of my *Carolina Special*. Coming into Spartanburg, the mainline *Piedmont Limited* (lower left) has an eclectic mix of diesels and head-end cars. At Asheville (lower right), the *Carolina Special* has added an FP7 behind the leading F3A.

pausing at Waxhaw, N.C., we entered South Carolina, crossed the Catawba River, and then halted briefly at the stream's namesake town. As we left Edgemoor, the next town, I was embarrassingly unprepared and missed a photo of the 0-4-0T of the little Edgemoor & Manetta, waiting patiently on the SAL connecting track, apparently for the Seaboard local freight. I say "embarrassingly" because the pike had just been profiled in *TRAINS* [see this issue's "Second Section," page 94]. I saw no evidence of E&M's more-famous neighbor, the Lancaster & Chester, when we went through Chester. L&C was noted for its promotional tool of listing famous Hollywood personalities as "vice presidents" in the *Guide*.

We pulled into Carlisle at 11:23, 11 minutes late, one of the few instances on this circle when my train was not on time. We paused just long enough for me to get off and for the baggageman to unload one express shipment for some folks waiting with an open-bed farm truck. The Seaboard was in a slight cut here, as I recall, and the Southern overpass was visible ahead of us, but I had no idea whether the depot was to the north or south, so I asked the locals.

"Y'all goin' out on the Southern?" "Yes, I am." "Well, hop in back there, and we'll take y'all up there." Southern hospitality once again. As we bounced up to street level from trackside—the ride turned out to be just three blocks—No. 5 whistled off and headed west.

There wasn't much to do in Carlisle, but that was fine because my layover was just over an hour. First I walked over to the post office to mail a couple of postcards, then to a store to buy some snacks for lunch. The Southern station agent told me that a freight would be coming through ahead of my *Carolina Special*. It was 151, which highballed through at 12:30, 5 minutes ahead of No. 27's scheduled time, with an A-B-B-A set of F7's in charge of 80 cars. Not long afterward, 27 toddled in with passenger F3 4145 pulling an RPO, a Seaboard baggage car, two Southern heavyweight coaches, and sleeper *Wauhatchie Valley*.

Although the train had a name, it was typical of Southern's secondary-route operations—leisurely. (An aside: Our of-

fice's January 1966 *Official Guide*, the closest available to my ride, says the *Carolina Special* offered one 10&6 sleeper, line No. 5 in each direction, all the way between Columbia and Cincinnati. But it must've been cut back to a Cincinnati-Asheville (N.C.) line by this date, for the *Wauhatchie Valley* was cut off at Spartanburg, S.C., and we were sleeperless up to Asheville, where 10&6 *Flint River* was added.)

Spartanburg was a beehive of activity after we pulled in; we were due in at 1:50 p.m. for a 25-minute stop. First

came an eastbound mainline freight behind four new SD35's. On his block was No. 34, the eastbound Atlanta-Washington *Piedmont Limited*, a tad tardy, with F7A 4181, F7B 4423, and Alco RS3 2048 as power for eight cars: heater car HC51 (an old FTB body), one New Haven and two Pennsy express boxcars, Southern RPO 37, baggage 51, and coaches 1029 and 1202. No. 34 was scheduled to connect here with both *Carolina Specials*, and No. 28, our southbound counterpart, came in behind F3 4138, another F, an RPO, two storage mail cars, and two





coaches—again, no sleeper. Doing the depot switching was NW2 2218, which in addition to shuffling cars, helped set the RS3 off the *Piedmont*.

Out of Spartanburg we passed Hayne, Southern's passenger-car shop, and then attacked famed Saluda Grade. Now, Southern's heavyweight coaches didn't have Dutch doors in the vestibules, although with my coach 1013 being rear-most, I might have had at least a view of the receding track. Trouble was, Southern was regularly adding "Big John" coaches to the line.

this segment, and we had three of 'em, so my view out back was a bit constrained. Our stop on top of the grade at Saluda station was on time at 3:35.

Daylight was dimming when we arrived at the Asheville depot at 5 p.m. for a 40-minute stop, with the usual station switching, by GP7 2196. We added FP7 6147 as second unit and the *Flint River* ahead of the Big Johns. Out of Asheville it was just light enough to be captivated by the mountain scenery as we followed the French Broad River west. When it

We pulled into Knoxville close to the 9:25 scheduled time, concluding a memorable long weekend. I had nine rolls of slide film full of images of trains and places new to me, and a mental list of spots I wanted to see again. ■

classictrainsmag.com

Complete passenger-train consist notes from Dave Ingles' 1966 Carolina trip are available on our website, classictrainsmag.com

Sidewalk railroading



STEVEN DUFF COLLECTION

THE CHICAGO NORTH SHORE & MILWAUKEE was like a daily prevailing wind for the first 11 years of my life, in Winnetka, Ill. The first train I ever rode was a North Shore, and I rode the line to and from school during the week. There were occasional weekend junkets to Chicago, which were truly complete only with a vertiginous ride around the famous elevated Loop. The North Shore was also inspiration for neighborhood play, from about half past 4 in the afternoon until dinnertime. We're talking the late 1940's here, the age of the express wagon and sturdy products of Buddy-L and Playmate, all a far cry from today's plastic vehicles that wouldn't survive what we put our own wagons through.

There were five of us who venerated the North Shore: Harry, Dick, Paul, me, and our junior member, Biff. On those magical afternoons, we convened in front of an empty lot with our wagons, wrote up our orders, exchanged destination signs as necessary, and went off for an hour and a half of some serious railroading. The sidewalks were concrete, with seams spaced exactly right for the North Shore's *ka-dunk, ka-dunk*. More difficult to achieve was the ozone-laden rasping whine of traction motors; what we produced would be phonetically approximated by *ree-owwww, ree-owwww*, sounding more feline than interurban. Another sound we enjoyed creating was the herniated squawk of a North Shore air horn.

On Saturday, Biff and I ran a skeleton service, because Harry, Dick, and Paul were required at a mysterious place called Temple. Saturdays were a real killer, for the two of us

had to maintain the Waukegan Express/Shore Line Route, the Chicago Express/Shore Line Route, the Milwaukee Express/Skokie Valley Route, the Chicago Express/Skokie Valley Route, and the branch service to Mundelein. One curiosity of the North Shore was that the Shore Line "expresses" stopped everywhere, a circumstance that apparently puzzled nobody.

Sunday's service was less hectic. Biff had to go to church, but we still had 80 percent strength. Our routes were laid out in parallel with the real North Shore, which we could hear on a quiet day. When we did, it was, in the vernacular of the time, absolutely swell.

The North Shore was the gateway to all sorts of wondrous things. We had family friends up in Lake Forest, a pleasant ride up the Shore Line, and there was a single, but memorable, ride on one of the renowned *Electroliners* from Milwaukee to North Chicago Junction. Harry's wagon had ball bearings and was generally state-of-the-art, so it was assigned regular *Electroliner* duty.

Chicago and the Excellent Idea

Then there was Chicago, with its array of pleasures: the Symphony and the Art Institute (reluctantly attended at first, then I got hooked), the annual Boat Show at Navy Pier, and pilgrimages to view (or, praise the Lord, buy) the latest products of Lionel Lines at Marshall Field's. The defining moment for Harry and me, however, was a jaunt with my sister on the North Shore to "Wheels a-Rolling," the pageant at the Railroad Fair on the lakefront in 1948 and '49. We went in

Some boys played cowboys and Indians; we ran the North Shore Line

By Steven Duff



ROBERT A. HADLEY

Tom Thumb, and a test firing demonstrated that slightly damp leaves made the best stack exhaust. I went smoking deliriously over to Harry's house with my new invention to find him enjoying equal success with a tar bucket rescued from a nearby construction site. To our stupefied wonder, it smelled like a diesel.

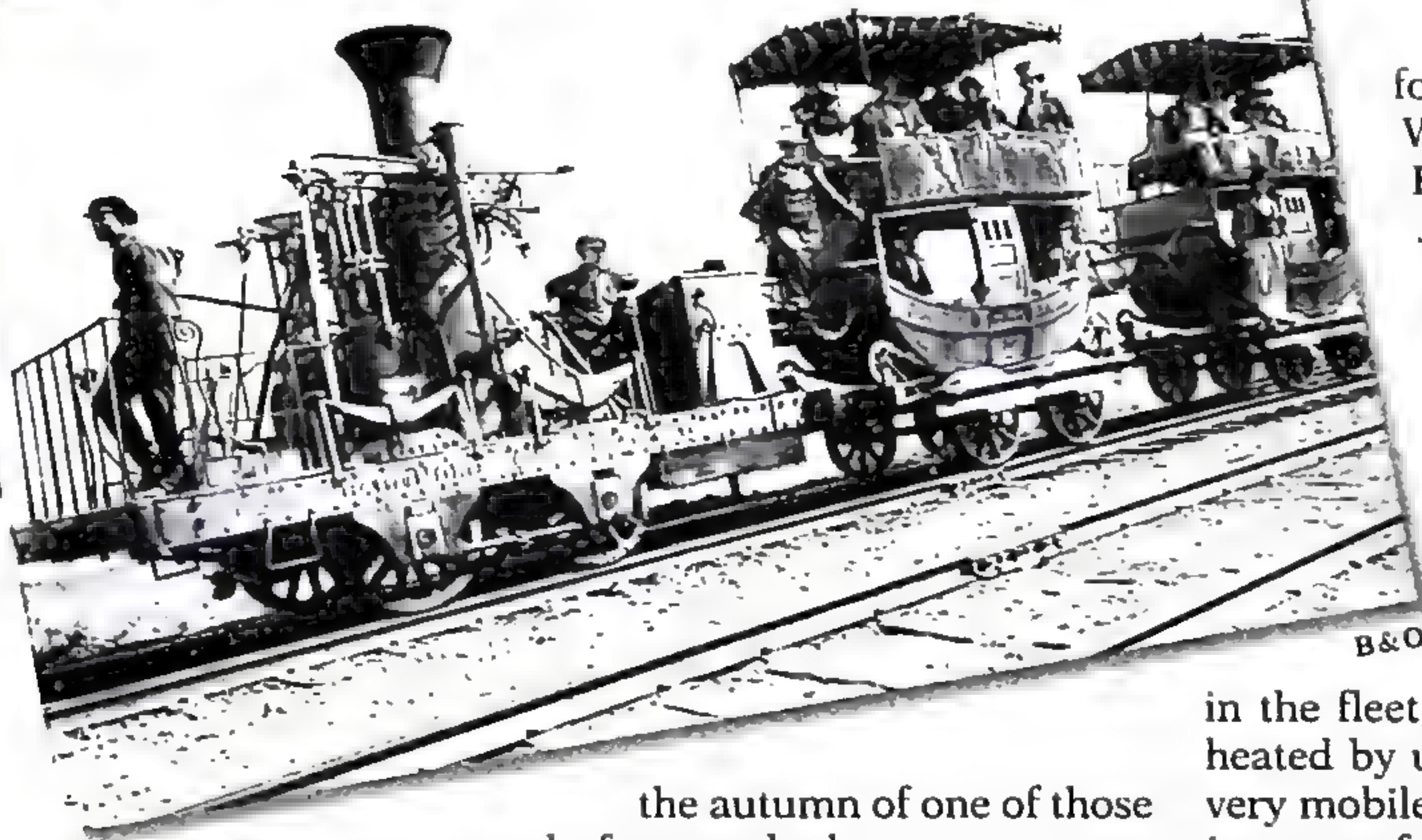
The other guys were apprised in short order. They found more tar buckets, and a new epoch began in Winnetka. Biff had the *Best Friend of Charleston*, Harry the *Atlantic*, Dick the *Rocket*, and Paul the *John Bull*. The North Shore, after so many hours of fun and education in the ways of electric traction, was set aside in the fragrant glory of historical railroading as our wagons rumbled and smoked about the neighborhood, using each others' yards as fueling stations and fouling drying laundry over a radius of three blocks.

Paul had an asthma problem and had to rest periodically, but he carried on gamely until the day his *John Bull*, the only "woodie" in the fleet, erupted in a horrifying geyser of flames, overheated by use of too-dry fuel. Poor *John Bull's* demise was very mobile, very public, and very vocal as Paul raced home in quest of a garden hose. He sounded like a cat in heat and, sad to relate, only the wheel assemblies and four wilted tires survived the inferno. We buried the remains of *John Bull* behind Paul's garage with *Pomp and Circumstance* No. 4 bellying from the family Victrola. Dick's dad was with an insurance company, so we sought his advice, but there was, he said, no coverage for express wagons carrying fire.

Leaves, sidewalks, and memories

We moved from Winnetka in 1950. I did not revisit it until 37 years later, when I took a sentimental walk to the North Shore's Willow Road station, my point of debarkation for school those many years ago. Where the tracks had been was a bicycle path, and all that remained of the station were the crumbling footings of the high-level platform; I picked some pussy willows for my wife and lingered a while in the spring sunshine, alone with my memories.

I returned again in 1994 with a second generation of Duffs. We looked at my old house and those of my old friends, an orderly lineup along that sidewalk with its perfectly spaced seams. It was the end of October, and lots of damp leaves lay about, awaiting for all time the perverse ingenuity of we five men, now lost to each other, who were once little boys. ■



B&O

the autumn of one of those years, and of course had never seen anything like it. There were the novel new diesels, enormous steam locomotives—among them a Union Pacific Big Boy and New York Central's No. 999 with an epic run-past—and an operating narrow-gauge railway.

What really captured us, though, were the tiny locomotives of railroading's infancy. I gag on the adjective "adorable," but, sorry folks, they were adorable, with vertical boilers and names like *Best Friend of Charleston*, *Atlantic*, and *Tom Thumb*. On our way home to Winnetka, the whirring clatter of the North Shore provided a sound track for Harry's and My Excellent Idea. The fact that it was autumn was pivotal, for we had the drudgery of raking and burning leaves to look forward to.

We thought it would be neat to set up burning barrels on our express wagons to create a sort of mobile incinerator service. It would be both practical and fun, and would be a tribute to the little engines of so long ago. The pressure of duplicating the North Shore was really getting to us, anyway, so it was time to try a new enterprise.

I searched our basement and found a flamboyant red and yellow New Era potato chip can, personally adopted it, and mounted it on my wagon. I dubbed this curious apparatus

Classic Images

Photo Section



The great third rail: Interurban Chicago Aurora & Elgin may have been known by that slogan, and the Long Island had more third-rail route-miles, but New York Central's 367 miles of third-rail track put it far ahead of any other common carrier. Encompassing four lines, several classes of locomotives, hundreds of M.U. cars, and everything from

commuters to freights to the *Century*, NYC's New York-area electrified lines were surely the greatest third-rail show in U.S. railroading. On the Hudson Division at Scarborough in September 1966, a P-class motor, which once worked under Cleveland Union Terminal catenary, handles the *Wolverine* on the first leg of its New York-Detroit-Chicago run.

THOMAS J. McNAMARA



Photo Section

Beautiful beasts: Two Pennsylvania Railroad Baldwin DR-6-4-20 "Sharknose" diesels rumble across the Passaic River bridge and into PRR's Newark (N.J.) station with a Jersey City-Bay Head train on September 5, 1958. Admired more for their looks than performance, Pennsy's 18 A units and 9 B's of 1948 were the only passenger Sharks built. The double headlights, a rarity on PRR cab units, were found only on the first two A's, 5770 and 5771.

The other F's: Three Alco freight cab units display a mix of liveries as they pass through Webster, Mass., on the New Haven's Worcester (Mass.)-New London (Conn.) line in May 1965. Little brothers to the lanky passenger PAs, Alco's FA cabs and FB boosters sold to the tune of 1401 units over 13 years—not exactly a flop, but a poor second to EMD's ubiquitous F units. NH had 50 FA/FB's.



JOHN DZIOBKO



From Beloit, Erie, and La Grange: Conceived and powered by Fairbanks-Morse, constructed and equipped with electrical gear by General Electric, and then re-engined by Electro-Motive, two Kansas City Southern FM "Erie-built" team up with four EMD F units on KCS train 88 at Sallisaw, Okla., on January 2, 1959. KCS was one of seven roads to buy Eries, 111 of which were built 1945-49.



ROBERT H. MILNER

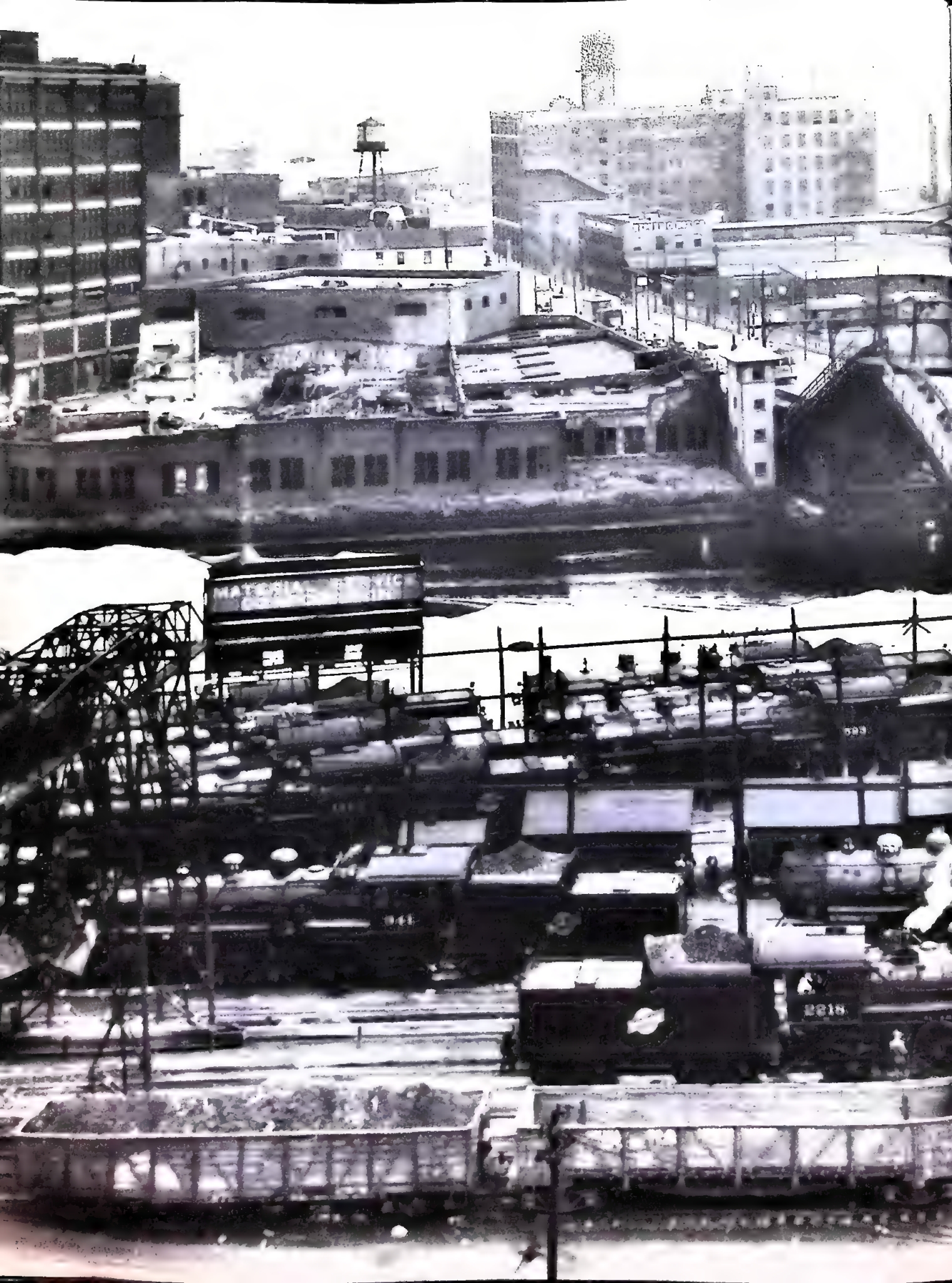


ROBERT H. MILNER

Slant-nose and portholes: Missouri Pacific E6 7002 squeals into Fort Smith, Ark., with train 126, a nameless Little Rock-Kansas City run. The first big-selling passenger diesel (92 A's, 26 B's), the E6 of 1939 was also the last model to sport the rakish prow Electro-Motive introduced on the EA; later E's and all the F's would sport the more abrupt "bulldog" nose. MP's E6's had round side windows instead of the standard rectangular type.



DAN POPE COLLECTION



City of big shoulders: In a Windy City vignette from August 14, 1941, Chicago & North Western's Chicago Avenue engine terminal teems with Pacifics. Many have been serviced and turned, ready to back south to the Madison Street passenger terminal for the afternoon commuter rush. Spanning the tracks and the North Branch of the Chicago River is the Halsted Street bridge. *Photo: Eric Bronsky/Chicago Department of Public Works.*



Owsley and the 1601

Few bonds were stronger than those between a man and his engine

By Frank Packard

HIS NAME WAS JAKE OWSLEY. He was a railroad man before he ever came to Big Cloud, before the Hill Division was even a blueprint, before steel had crossed the stubborn Rockies, before the Herculean task of bridging a continent was more than a thought in ambitious minds.

Owsley was an engineer. He came from the East at age 30 or so, when they broke ground to push the Hill Division over the mighty range. Then, with ballast cars and boxes and flats of material behind him, Owsley followed the construction gangs as they burrowed and blasted and trestled their way along, month in and month out, until years passed and they were through the Rockies, with the blue Pacific in sight.

First over every bridge, through every cut, and into every tunnel, the pilot of Owsley's engine nosed its way. And when the work was over, and the directors in celebration crowded the cab and perched on running boards till you couldn't see the bunting draped on the engine, Owsley was at the throttle for the first run over the division. It was Owsley's due.

More years went by, and Owsley came to hold the top run, the *Imperial Limited*. He was one of the best, steadier than the younger men, wise in experience, and with a love for his engine that was like the love of a man for a woman.

It's a strange thing, perhaps, a love like that, but there was never an engineer worth his salt who didn't have it. With Owsley it came pretty near being the whole thing. When they'd change his engine for a newer and more improved type, he'd refuse, at first, to be separated from the obsolete engine.

"Leave her with me," he'd tell Regan, the master mechanic. "You can give my run to someone else. It's little I care for the swell run; me and the old girl sticks together."

But the bluff, big-hearted master mechanic knew his man—and he knew an engineer when he saw one. Regan would no more have let Owsley get away from the *Imperial* than he would have put call boys in the cabs to run his engines.

"Hmmm," he would say, blinking fast at Owsley. "Feel that way, do you? Well, then, maybe it's about time you quit altogether. I didn't offer you your choice, did I? You take the *Imperial* with what I give you, or take nothing. Think it over!"

And Owsley would "think it over," and stay on the limited.

Came the day when changes in engine types were not so frequent, and Owsley came to love, more than he had loved any engine before, his big, powerful, 1600-class racer. With its four pairs of massive drivers, it took the curves with the grace of a circling bird and laughed at anything lower than a 3 percent grade. Owsley and the 1601 clipped 55 minutes off the running time of the *Imperial Limited* through the Rockies.

For three years it was Owsley and the 1601, east and west through the mountains—and a smile in the roundhouse as he nursed and cuddled and groomed her. Owsley and the 1601:

they never speak of one on the Hill Division without the other.

Owsley! He started at age 10 as a call boy, and was still straight and upright at 50-odd, with a swing through the gangway that younger men tried to imitate. Short-cropped hair; gray, steady eyes; a beard whose color, once brown, was nondescript; a slim, little man, overalled with greasy, peaked cap. He had no wife; indeed, without kith or kin save his engine, he was the star boarder at Mrs. McCann's rooming house.

ELBOW BEND, were it not for the obstacles Nature had placed there, would have been a black mark against the engineering corps. Generally, it's not good practice to put a station on a curve. But at Elbow Bend, sandwiched between the Glacier River and a sheer rock wall, both the main track and siding made a curve. The curve wasn't solely to blame for what happened there one night. Owsley had a patch on his eye from a bit of steel that had gotten into it that day. Nothing much, just a patch to keep the cold and wind out.

It was the eastbound run, and to make up for the loss of time a slow order had cost him, Owsley was hitting a pretty fast clip with the 1601 as he whistled for Elbow Bend. Owsley slowed just a little as he nosed the curve—the *Imperial Limited* made no stop at Elbow Bend—and then opened her out again. The exhausts from her stubby stack went echoing through the mountains like the play of artillery.

The light of the west-end siding switch flashed by in the darkness. Brannigan, Owsley's fireman, pulled his door, shooting the cab full of leaping, fiery red, and swung to the tender for a shovelful of coal. Owsley, crouched forward in his seat, peered ahead through the cab glass. Then on his right came the station lights; the black bulk of a locomotive in the siding, steam shooting from her safety valve; and the thundering reverberation as the 1601 swept past a long line of freight cars, the end of which Owsley could not see for the curve.

Owsley relaxed a little. That was right—he was to meet Extra 49 West at Elbow Bend, and she was in the siding as she should be. His headlight, streaming out at a tangent, played along the extra's cars, now edging the roof of a boxcar, now opening a hole to the gray rock wall when a flatcar intervened. Then, quick as doom, with a yell from his fireman ringing in his ears, Owsley flung his arm forward, jamming the throttle shut, while grabbing at the air brake with his other hand.

Owsley had seen it, too: a figure, arms waving frantically, for a fleeting second strangely silhouetted in the headlight's glare on the roof of one of the boxcars. A wild shout from the man, fluttering, indistinguishable, reached them as they roared by. Then the grind and scream of brakeshoes as the air went on, the answering shudder vibrating through the cab, the clashing of buffer plates echoing down the length of the train behind. And then—a queer obstructing blackness, yet to be caught in the headlight beam, dead ahead.

Brannigan screamed in his ear, "She ain't in the clear! It's a swipe!" He then took a flying leap through the river-side gangway. Owsley never turned his head, but held there, grim-faced, tight-lipped, facing what was to come—facing it with clear head, quick brain, doing what he could to lessen the disaster.

The headlight caught it now, the rear cars of the freight crawling from the main line into the siding, then the pitiful yellow from the windows of the caboose. It seared into Owsley's brain lightning-quick, but vivid in every detail in a horrible, fascinating way. It was just a second since Brannigan had jumped—it might have been an hour.

The front of the caboose seemed to leap suddenly at the 1601, seemed to rise up and hurl itself at the straining engine. There was a terrific crash, the groan and rend of timber, the sickening grind and crunch as the van went to matchwood, the

debris hurtling along the runningboards, shattering the cab glass. Owsley dropped where he stood, like a log. With a vicious, nasty lurch, the 1601 wrenched herself loose from her string of coaches, staggered like a lost and drunken soul a few yards along the ties, and turned turtle in the ditch.

It was a bad spill, but it might have been worse, a great deal worse—a boxcar and the van for the junk heap, the 1601 for the shops, and nobody hurt except Owsley.

But they couldn't make head or tail of the cause. Everybody went on the carpet for it, and still it was a mystery. The main line was clear at the west end of the siding and the switch was right; everybody was agreed on that. The operator at Elbow Bend swore he had shown his red, and that it was showing when the *Limited* swept by. He said he knew it was going to be a close shave whether the freight, a little late and crowding the *Limited*'s time, would be in the clear without delaying the express, and he had shown his red before he had heard her whistle—his red was showing. The crew of Extra 49 West backed the operator up—the red was showing.

Brannigan, the fireman, didn't count as a witness. The only light he'd seen was the west-end switch light; the curve had hidden anything ahead until after he'd pulled his door and turned to the tender for coal, and by then they were past the station. Owsley, pretty badly smashed up and in bed at Mrs. McCann's rooming house, talked kind of queer. When asked what color light the station semaphore was showing, Owsley said white—white as the moon. That's what he said—not red, not green, but white as the moon. And they weren't sure he understood what they were driving at.

For a week that's all they could make out of it, and then, with Master Mechanic Regan scratching his head over it one day in confab with Carleton, the superintendent, it came more by chance than anything else. They were in Carleton's office.

"Blamed if I know what to make of it," Regan growled. "Ordinary, six men's words would be the end of it, but Owsley's the best man that ever latched a throttle in our cabs, and for 20 years his record's cleaner than a baby's. What he says now don't count, because he ain't right yet; but what you can't get away from is the fact that Owsley's not the man to have slipped a signal. Either the six of them are doing him cold to save their own skins, or there's something queer about it."

Carleton shook his head. "We've been trying hard enough to get to the bottom of it, Tommy," he said. "I don't think the men are lying—they tell a pretty straight story. I've been wondering about that patch Owsley had on his eye, and . . ."

"What's that got to do with it?" cut in the blunt little master mechanic, who made no bones about his fondness for the engineer. "He isn't blind in the other, is he?"

CARLETON STARED AT REGAN for a moment, then his fist came down with a sudden bang upon the desk. "I believe you've got it, Tommy!" he exclaimed. "Believe I've got it?" echoed Regan. "Got what? I said he wasn't blind in the other; and he's not—you know that."

"Wait!" said Carleton. "It's very rare, I know, but it seems to me I've heard of it. Wait a minute, Tommy." He was leaning over and twirling the little revolving bookcase beside his desk. Carleton's was not a large library, just a few technical books and his cherished *Britannica*. He pulled out a volume of the encyclopedia and began to turn the leaves. "Here it is," he said, after a moment. "Listen," and he commenced to read rapidly:

"The most common form of Daltonism"—that's colorblindness you know, Tommy—"depends on the absence of the red sense. Great additions to our knowledge of this subject, if only in confirmation of results already deduced from theory, have been obtained in the last few years by Holmgren, who has ex-

perimented on two persons, each of whom was found to have one color-blind eye, the other being nearly normal.”

“Color-blind!” spluttered the master mechanic.

“In one eye,” said Carleton, as though he were turning a problem over in his mind. “That would account for it. As far as I know, one doesn’t go color-blind—one is born that way—and if this is what’s at the bottom of it, Owsley’s been color-blind all his life in one eye, and probably didn’t know it. That would account for his passing the tests, and would account for what happened at Elbow Bend. It was the patch that did it—you remember what he said: the light was white as the moon.”

“And he’s out!” stormed Regan. “Out for keeps—after 40 years. D’ya know what this’ll mean to Owsley? It’ll be hell—he thinks more of his engine than a woman does of her child.”

Carleton closed the volume and replaced it mechanically in the bookcase.

“I wish to blazes you hadn’t read that!” Regan muttered fiercely. “What’s to be done now?”

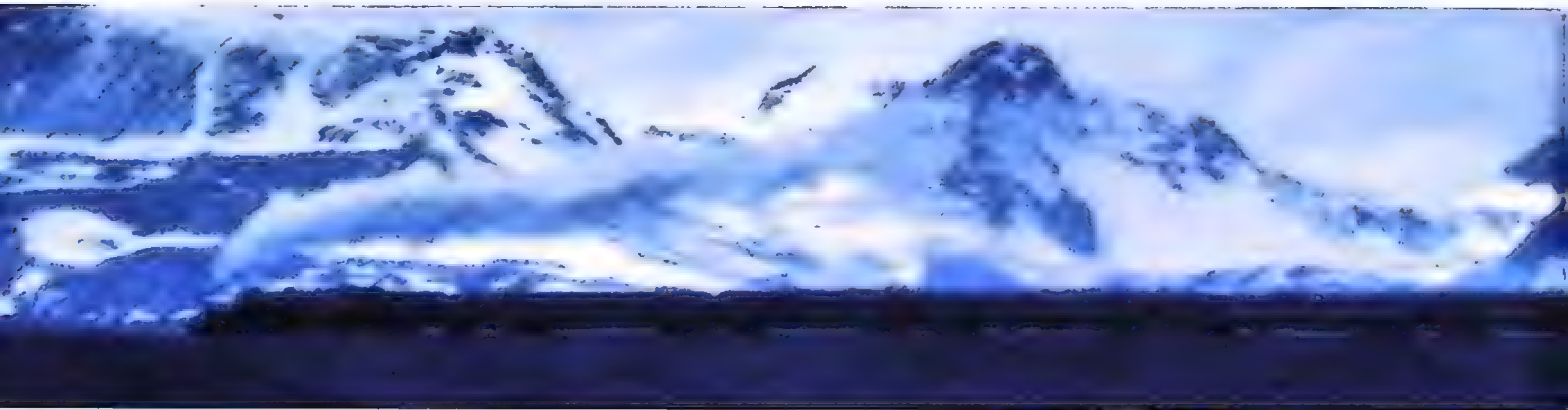
“I’m afraid there’s only one thing to be done,” Carleton answered gravely. “Sentiment doesn’t let us out—there’s too many lives at stake every time he takes out an engine. He’ll have to try the color test with a patch over the same eye he had it on that night. Perhaps, after all, I’m wrong, and . . .”

Owsley walked a little shakily across the turntable and through the big doors into the roundhouse. Fact was, the 1601 was out for the first time herself from the repair shop, and for the first time since the accident was standing on the pit, ready to move out and couple on for the run west, as soon as the *Imperial Limited* came in off the Prairie Division. A coincidence to smile at? Yes? Well, then, there is more of the same humor to come. They tell the story on the Hill Division this way, those hard, grimy-handed men of the Rockies, in the cab, in the caboose, in the smoker—but they never smile when they tell it.

Paxley, big as two of Owsley, promoted from a local passenger run, had been given the *Imperial*—and the 1601. He was standing by the front end, chatting with Clarihue, the turner, as Owsley came in.

Owsley didn’t appear to notice them. His face was tinged a little red with excitement, and his eyes seemed to be trying to take in every detail of the big mountain racer. He walked to the gangway, his shoulders sort of bracing farther back all the time, and then with the old-time swing he disappeared into the cab. He was out again in a minute with a long-spouted oil can, and, just as he always did, started oiling around.

Paxley and Clarihue looked at each other. Brannigan, Owsley’s old fireman, joined them. None of them spoke. Owsley



“He’s out,” said the master mechanic gruffly. “He’s out; I don’t need any test to know that now.” And Regan, with a short laugh, strode to the window and stood staring out at the railroad yard below him.

Regan was right. Three weeks later, Owsley took the color test with his right eye bandaged—and failed utterly.

But Owsley didn’t quite seem to understand. Dr. McTurk, the company surgeon, was worried. Owsley was a long way from being the same man he was before the accident, not physically—that way he was shaping up pretty well—but his head seemed to bother him. He seemed to have lost his grip on a lot of things. There was more than a mere matter of color wrong with Owsley now, but maybe it was the kindest thing that could have happened. Maybe it made it easier for him since the colors barred him from ever pulling a throttle again. Maybe it was best he didn’t understand.

THEY TRIED TO TELL HIM he hadn’t passed the color test, but Owsley just laughed. With a glance at the clock and a jerky pull at his watch for comparison, a way he had of doing, he walked out of Riley’s, the trainmaster’s office and started for the roundhouse. Owsley’s head wasn’t working right—it was as if the mechanism was running down, the memory tapering off. But the 1601, *his engine*, stuck. It was train time when he left Riley’s office, the first day he’d been out of bed since the night at Elbow Bend.

went on oiling, making the round slowly, carefully, head and shoulders hidden completely at times as he leaned in over the rods. Regan, who had followed Owsley, got the thing in a glance—and swore fiercely deep down in his throat.

Owsley finished his round, and, instead of climbing into the cab through the opposite gangway, came back to the front end and halted before Clarihue.

“I see you got that injector valve packed at last,” he said approvingly. “She looks cleaner under the guard-plates than I’ve seen her for a long time, too. Give me the table, Jim.”

Not one of them answered. But Owsley didn’t seem to expect any answer. He went on down the side of the locomotive, climbed up the gangway, and the next instant the steam came purring into the cylinders, just warming her up for a moment, as Owsley always did before he moved out of the roundhouse.

Clarihue spoke, with a kind of catchy jerk: “She’s stiff from the shops. He ain’t strong enough to hold her on the table.”

Regan looked at Paxley. “You’ll have to get him out of there, Bob,” he said, hiding his emotion. “Get him out—gently.”

The steam was coming now into the cylinders with a more businesslike rush, and Paxley jumped for the cab. As he climbed in, Brannigan followed, and hung in the gangway behind him. Owsley was standing up, his hand on the throttle, evidently puzzled a little at the stiffness of the reversing lever, which refused to budge with what strength he had in one hand.

Paxley reached over and tried to loosen Owsley’s hand on

the throttle. "Let me take her, Jake," he said.

Owsley stared at him for a moment in mingled perplexity and irritation. "What in blazes would I let you take her for?" he snapped, and attempted to shoulder Paxley aside. "Get out of here, and mind your own business! Get out!" He snatched his wrist away from Paxley's fingers and gave a jerk at the throttle—and the 1601 began to move.

The turntable wasn't set, and Paxley had no time for hesitation. More roughly than he had any wish to, he brushed Owsley's hand from the throttle and latched the throttle shut. Quick as a cat, Owsley was on him.

It wasn't much of a fight. Owsley, from three weeks on his back, was dropping weak. But Owsley snatched up a spanner that was lying on the seat, and smashed Paxley with it between the eyes. With blood streaming down his face, Paxley picked the engineer up in his arms like a baby, and with Brannigan's help, got Owsley to the ground.

Owsley hadn't been fit for such excitement. They took him back to his boarding house. Mrs. McCann nursed him day-times, and Carleton, Regan, and two or three others took turns sitting up with him nights. In a month, Owsley began to mend again, and began to talk of getting back on the *Limited* with the 1601—always the 1601. Most times he talked pretty straight,

"He wouldn't take it," said Regan slowly. There's nothing for Owsley but the 1601."

"He's got to take it," snapped the doctor. "And if you care half what you say you do for him, you've got to see that he does."

"How about construction work with McCann?" suggested Carleton. "He likes McCann, and he's lived at their place for years now."

"Just the thing!" declared Dr. McTurk. "Couldn't be better."

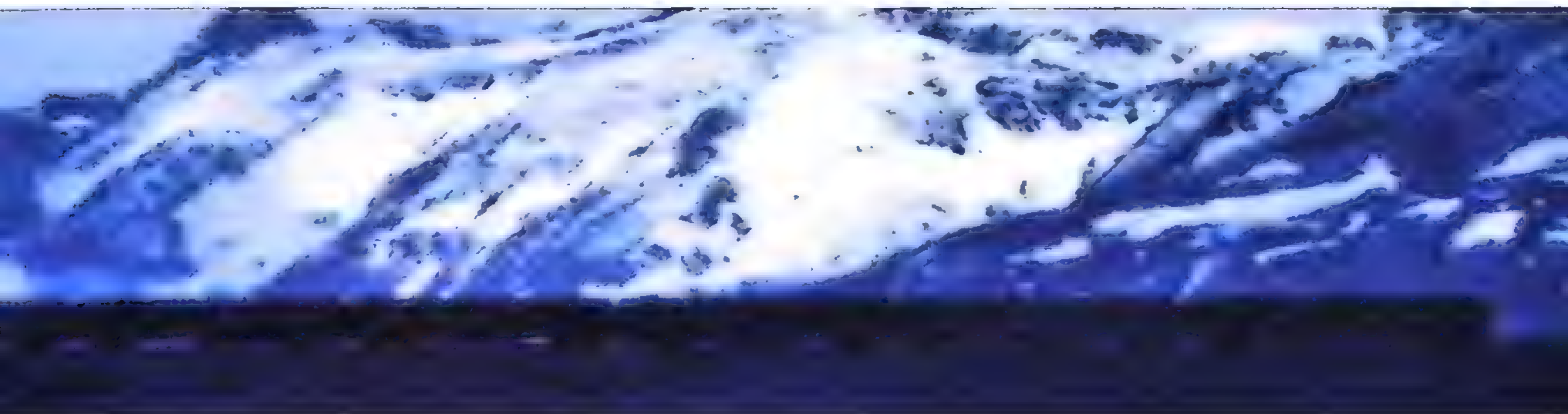
Carleton looked at Regan again. "You can handle him better than anyone, Tommy. Suppose you see what you can do? And how would it do to tell him what's happened with the 1601 in the last month? Maybe he wouldn't think so much of her."

"No," said Regan, shaking his head. "It would make him worse. He'd blame it on Paxley, and we'd have trouble on our hands before you could bat an eyelash."

"Yes; perhaps you're right," agreed Carleton. "Well, then, try him on the construction tack, Tommy."

SO REGAN WENT from the super's office over to Mrs. McCann's boarding house, and up to Owsley's room. "Well, how's Jake today?" he inquired, drawing a chair up beside the bed.

"I'm fine, Regan," said Owsley earnestly. "What day is this?"



W. R. MCGEE PHOTO

but his memory kept that queer sort of haze over it.

Regan, Carleton, and Dr. McTurk went into committee over it in the super's office one afternoon just before Owsley was out of bed again. "Whad'ya say, Doc?" demanded Regan.

Dr. McTurk, scientific and professional in every inch of his little body, lined his eyebrows up into a ferocious black streak across his forehead, and talked medical terms to the superintendent and the master mechanic for a good five minutes.

When he had finished, Carleton's brows were puckered, too, his face was a little blank, and he tapped the edge of his desk with the end of his pencil somewhat helplessly.

Regan tugged at his mustache and sputtered. "What the blazes!" he growled. "Give it to us in plain railroading! Has he got rights through, or hasn't he? Does he get better or not?"

"I don't know, I tell you!" retorted Dr. McTurk. "I've told you why a minute ago. I don't know whether he'll ever be better in his head than he is now."

"Well, what's to be done?" inquired Carleton.

"He's got to work for a living, I suppose," Dr. McTurk answered. "And he can't run an engine any more on account of the colors. That's the state of affairs, isn't it?"

Carleton didn't answer; Regan mumbled under his breath.

"Well then," submitted Dr. McTurk, "the best thing for him, temporarily at least, to build him up, is fresh air and plenty of it. Give him a job somewhere out in the open."

Carleton's eyebrows went up. He looked across at Regan.

"Thursday," Regan told him.

"Yes," said Owsley, "that's right, Thursday. Well, you can put me down to take the old 1601 out Monday night. I'm figuring to get back on the run Monday night, Regan."

"I wouldn't be in a hurry about it, if I were you, Jake," Regan said. "In fact, that's what I came over to talk with you about. We don't think you're strong enough yet for the cab."

"Who don't?" demanded Owsley.

"The doctor and Carleton and myself—we were just speaking about it."

"Why ain't I?" demanded Owsley again.

"Why, good Lord, Jake," said Regan patiently, "you've been sick—dashed near two months. A man can't expect to get out of bed after a layoff like that and start right in again before he gets his strength back. You know that as well as I do."

"Maybe I do, and maybe I don't," said Owsley, a little uncertainly. "How'm I going to get strong?"

"Well," replied Regan, "the doc says open-air work to build you up, and we're thinking you might like to put in a month, say, with Bill McCann up on the Elk River."

Owsley didn't speak for a moment; he seemed to be puzzling something out. "And then what about after the month?"

"Why then," hesitated Regan, "you'll . . . you ought to be all right again."

Owsley sat up in bed. "You playing straight with me, Regan?"

"Sure," said Regan gruffly. "Sure, I am."

Owsley passed his hand two or three times across his eyes.

"I don't quite seem to get the signals right on what's happened," he said. "I guess I've been pretty sick. I kind of had a feeling a minute ago that you were trying to sidetrack me, but if you say you ain't, I believe you. I ain't going to be sidetracked. When I quit for keeps, I quit in the cab with my boots on—no way else. When I go out, I'm going out with my hand on the throttle, same as it's been for more'n 20 years. And me and the old 1601, we're going out together—that's the way I want to go when the time comes. I've known it for a long time."

"How do you mean you've known it for a long time?" Regan swallowed a lump in his throat as he asked the question.

"I dunno," said Owsley. Then, abruptly: "I got to get strong for the old 1601, ain't I? That's right. I'll go up there—only you give me your word I get the 1601 back after the month."

Regan's eyes lifted and met Owsley's. "You bet, Jake!"

"Give me your hand on it," said Owsley happily. And Regan gripped the engineer's hand.

Regan left the room after a moment. "What the hell," he growled to himself. "I had to lie to him, didn't I?"

THE 1601, badly shaken up in the spill at Elbow Bend, was also having a difficult recovery—difficult enough that those inclined to superstition might take notice. When they overhauled her in the shops, although they made her look like new, perhaps they missed something down deep in her vitals. Perhaps she was weakened and strained where they didn't know she was; perhaps they didn't get to the bottom of her troubles; perhaps they made a bad job of what looked all right under the fresh paint and gold leaf. Nothing superstitious about that, is there? It's all logical and reasonable.

But that doesn't go in the cabs and roundhouses and section shanties on the Hill Division. You could talk reason until you were blue in the face, and they'd listen to you while they wiped their hands on a hunk of waste. They'd listen, but they had their own notions.

On the night at Elbow Bend, Owsley and the 1601 first went wrong. Both went into the hospital together; both came out on the same day. Owsley had a relapse that day when he tried to take her out of the roundhouse, and that day, 20 miles west of Big Cloud, the 1601 blew her cylinder head off. From then on, the 1601, when she wasn't in the shops from an endless series of mishaps, was turning the hair gray on a dispatcher or two, and had got most of her new engineer's nerve.

The repair sheets told of the 1601's troubles. Going slow up a grade and around a curve protected with 90-pound guard-rails, her pony truck jumped the steel where a baby carriage would have held the track. She broke this, she broke that; she was always breaking something. Rare was the night she didn't limp in with the grumbling occupants of the mahogany sleepers with her schedule gone to smash. Then, finally, she ended up shedding a driving wheel at 50 mph, nearly killing Paxley as the rod ripped through the right side of the cab. From then on she was banished from the *Limited*, just like Owsley.

Superstition? You can figure it any way you like. They've got their own notions on the Hill Division.

When the 1601 came out of the shops again, the marks of authority's disapprobation were heavy upon her. The gold leaf of the passenger flyer was gone; the big figures on her tender were only yellow paint.

While the 1601, disfranchised, went to hauling extra freights, kind of a misfit doing spare jobs, with no regular run, Owsley, kind of a misfit, too, without any very definite duties, because there wasn't anything definite they dared trust him with, went up on the Elk River to work with Bill McCann.

Owsley told McCann, as he had told Regan, that he was

only up there getting strong again for the 1601, and he went around on the construction work whistling and laughing like a schoolboy, happy as a child.

IT WAS STILL EARLY SPRING when Owsley went to the loop they were building off the main line, to tap some country to the south. The Chinook, blowing warm, had melted most of the snow, and the creeks, rivers, and sluices were running full—the busiest time of year for trackmen. The loop was a full summer's job, if luck was with them, and the orders were to push the work—the steel was to be down before the snow flew again. The Big Cloud yard, too, had orders to rush out material for the Elk River loop as fast as it came in from the east.

The materials trains were just the kind of jobs the 1601 was hanging around waiting to do. Perhaps somebody might have thought of it, and maybe they wouldn't have sent her out to where Owsley was stationed. Or maybe they would have. You can't run a railroad on sentiment, and there were 20 cars of supplies at Big Cloud that should have been in McCann's camp.

There had been two days of rain and track troubles, and the motive-power department had been taxed to its limit. The first chance they got, they sent the material west with the only spare engine in the roundhouse—the 1601.

At the rainswept camp, McCann and Owsley shared a little shanty by themselves. McCann was trying to teach Owsley forty-five, the grand old game so dear to the hearts of Irishmen. But at the first sound of the approaching whistle, the cards dropped from Owsley's hands, and he jumped to his feet.

"D'ya hear that! D'ya hear that!" he cried.

"An' what of it?" inquired McCann. "It'll be the material we'd be hung up for, if 'twere not for the storm."

Owsley, his head turned a little sideways, listening, leaned across the table and gripped McCann's shoulders. "It's the 1601," he whispered. He put his finger to his lips to caution silence, and with the other hand patted McCann's shoulder. "It's the 1601," he repeated, and ran out the door, into the storm.

"For the love uv Mike," gasped McCann, staggering to his feet as the lamp flared up and out with the draft. He stumbled to the door after Owsley.

There was no sign of him, only a string of cars being backed down and rattling to a halt on the temporary track a hundred yards away. Then McCann saw the joggling light of a trainman running through the murk and, apparently, hopping the engine pilot, for the light suddenly disappeared and McCann heard the locomotive moving off again.

McCann couldn't see the main line, or the little station erected for the purpose of operating the construction trains, but he knew what was going on. Off the main line, in lieu of a turntable, they had built a wye into the construction camp. The work train, in from the east, had dropped its caboose on the main line between the legs of the wye, gone ahead, backed the material cars up the west leg of the wye into the camp, and left them on the tail track in front of him. The engine then had headed down the east leg of the wye to the main. Facing east, and since there were no empties to go back, it had only to back up and couple onto the caboose for the return to Big Cloud.

It was raining in torrents. Over the wind, thunder went racketing through the mountains. McCann swore with sincerity as he gazed from the doorway. He was minded to let Owsley go to the devil; instead, after getting into rubber boots, a rubber coat, and lighting a lantern, he put his head down to butt the storm, goat-fashion, and started out.

McCann lost some time. He could have made a short-cut over to the main line and the station. Instead, thinking Owsley might have run up the track toward the front of the construction train and the engine, he kept along past the string of cars.



DONALD M. FELLOWS PHOTO

There was no Owsley. McCann headed then for the station, on the main between the wye tracks. He took the west leg of the wye, and halfway across, he heard the engine backing up on the main. A moment later, he saw her headlight and the red tail lights of the caboose as she coupled on.

It was a wicked night, and the station, diminutive and makeshift as it was, looked mighty hospitable and inviting to the engine crew compared to the cab of the 1601. The engine crew, Matt Duggan and Greene, his fireman, thought it sized up better while they were waiting for orders; MacGonigle, the conductor, and his two brakemen crowded into the station, too.

There wasn't much room left for McCann when he came in like an animated shower bath. He heard Merle, the young operator, snap at MacGonigle, "I ain't got any orders for you yet, but you'd better get into the clear on the wye; the *Limited*, east, is due in four minutes."

"Say . . ." panted McCann, but that was as far as he got. Matt Duggan, making a wild dash for the door, knocked the rest of his breath out of him. After Duggan, the others burst out onto the platform. Volleying through the storm came suddenly the quick, staccato bark of engine exhaust.

For a moment, huddled there, no one spoke. Then it came in a yell from Matt Duggan: "She's gone!"

McCann looked, and blinked, and shook the rain out of his face. Two hundred yards east down the track, and disappearing fast, were the twinkling red tail lights of the caboose.

"By the tokens of all the saints," stammered McCann. "It's . . . it's . . ." He grabbed at Matt Duggan. "What engine is it?"

It was MacGonigle who answered, as they crowded back inside for shelter. "The 1601. What's wrong with you, McCann?"

"Holy Mither," stuttered McCann miserably. "That settles it! It's Owsley! 'Twas the whistle, the whistle!"

Merle, young and hysterical, was up in the air. "The *Limited*! The *Limited*!" he burst out, white-faced. "There ain't three minutes between them! She's coming now!"

MacGonigle, grizzled old veteran, cool in any emergency, whirled on the younger man.

"Then stop her!" he drawled. "Don't make a fool of yourself! Show your red and hold her here until you get Big Cloud on the wire. They're both running the same way, aren't they, you blamed idiot! Everything's out of the road, far enough east of here on account of the *Limited* to give 'em time at headquarters to take care of things. Let 'em have it at Big Cloud."

And Big Cloud got it. Spence, the dispatcher, got it, and Carleton and Regan, at their homes, got it, in a call from Spence over their private keys that brought them running.

"I've cleared the line," said Spence. "The *Limited* is holding at Elk River till Brook's Cut reports Owsley through, then she's to trail along."

Carleton nodded, and took a chair beside the dispatcher's table. Regan tugged at his mustache and paced the room. He stepped once, in front of Carleton, and laughed. There was more in his words, a whole lot more, than he realized then.

"The Lord knows where he'll stop now with the bit in his teeth. But suppose he'd been heading the other way, *into* the *Limited*! We can thank God for that!"

Carleton didn't answer. He was listening to Spence at the key, asking Brook's Cut why they didn't report Owsley through.

The rain rattled at the windowpanes; the sashes shook under the wind. Regan paced the room more and more impatiently. Carleton's face began to go hard. Spence hung tensely over the table, his fingers on the key, waiting for the sounder to break, waiting for the Brook's Cut call.

Brook's Cut was only seven miles from Elk River. But the minutes passed, and still Brook's Cut answered, "No." Carleton's face grew harder still, and Regan swore deep down under his breath from a full heart. Spence grew white and rigid in his chair. And so they waited—but Brook's Cut never reported Owsley "in" or "out" that night.

OWSLEY? Who knows what was in his poor, warped brain that night. He had heard her call to him. They had brought her back to him, and she was standing there, alone. Who knows what was in his mind, as together, he and the 1601 went tearing through that storm-rent night, when the rivers and creeks and sluices were running full, and the Elk River, which paralleled the line for a mile or two to the bridge, was a raging torrent? Who knows if he ever heard the thundering crash of the Elk River bridge going out? Who knows, as he swung around the curve to the bridge approach, without time for any man to stop, if the headlight playing on the waters meant anything to him? That was where they found them, beneath the waters, Owsley and the 1601, and Owsley was smiling, his hand gripped upon the throttle that he loved.

"I dunno," says Regan, when he speaks of Owsley, "if the mountains out here have anything to do with making a man think harder. Sometimes I think they do. You get to figuring that the Grand Master maybe goes a long way back to work things out. If it hadn't been for Owsley, the *Limited* would have gone into the Elk that night with every soul on board. Owsley? That's the way he wanted to go out, wasn't it, with the 1601? Maybe the Grand Master thought of him, too." ■

1929: Prosperity before Black Friday

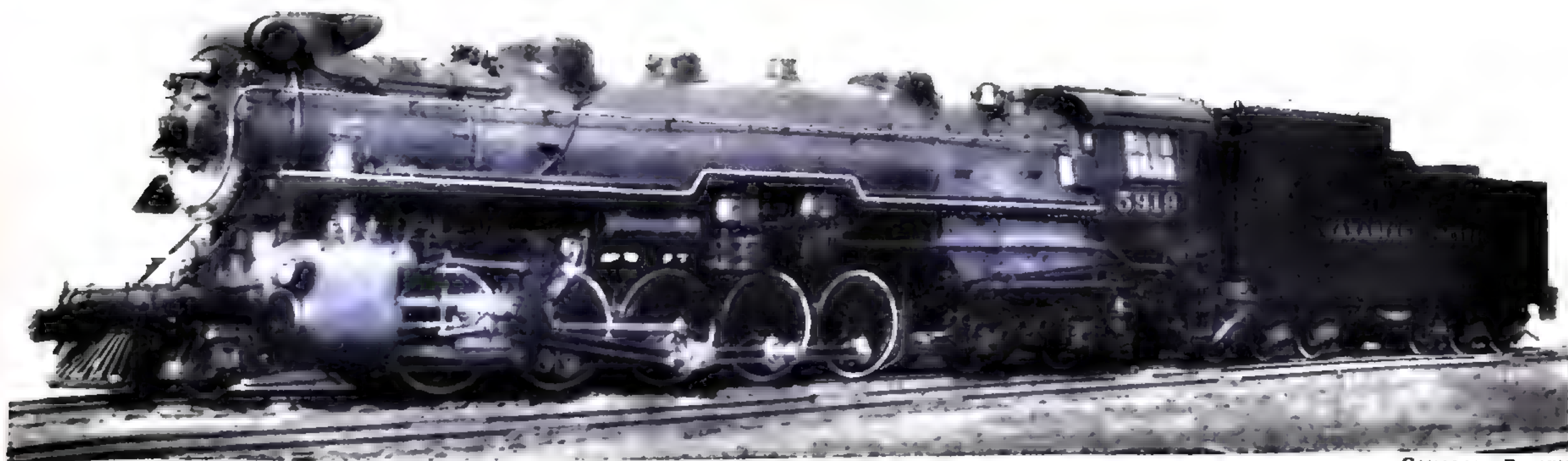


NEW YORK CENTRAL; ARTHUR DUBIN COLLECTION

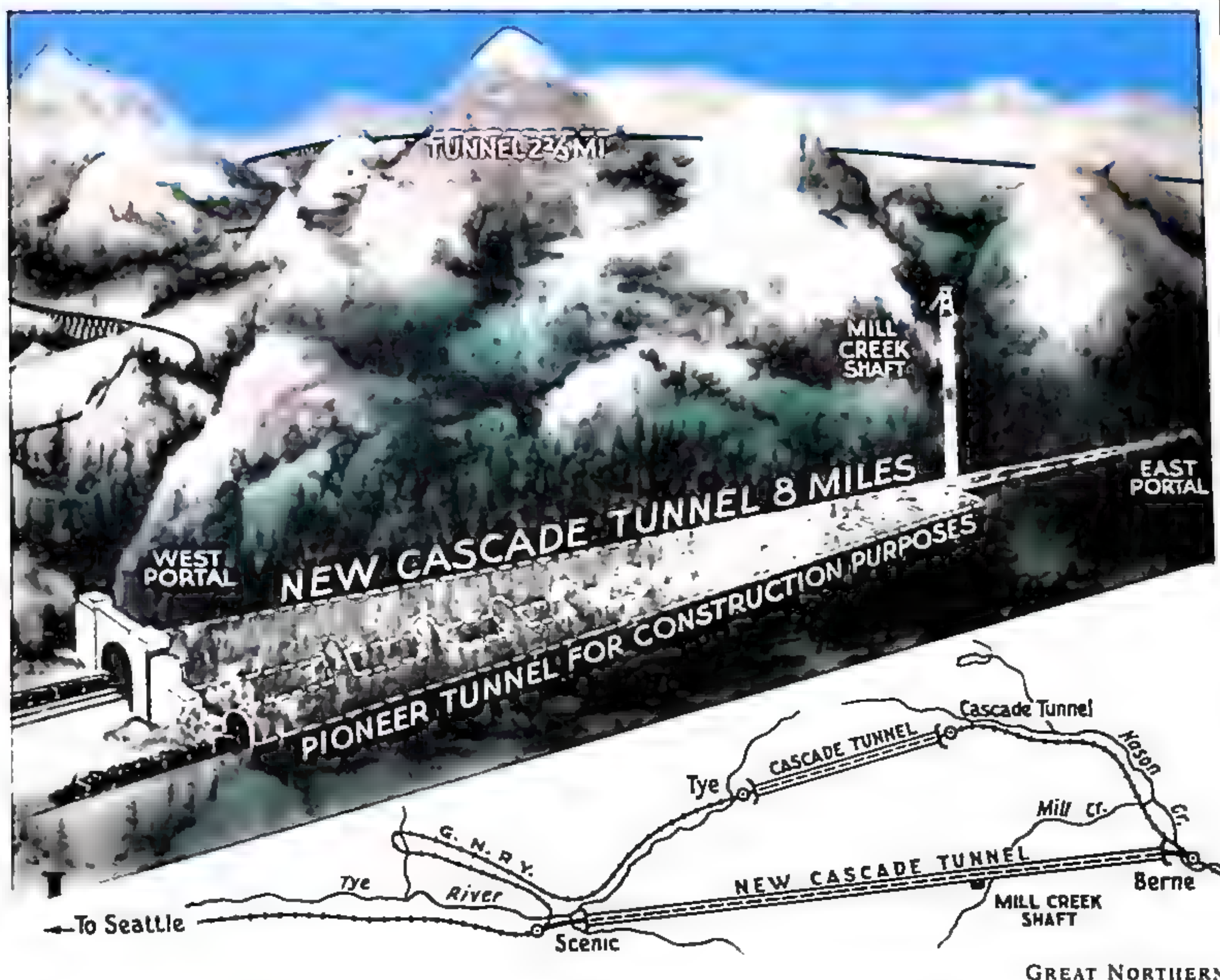
ART DECO DREAM: On June 22, New York Central opens its magnificent Buffalo Central Terminal. With its 271-foot-high office tower, 450-foot-long concourse, and liberal use of marble, terrazzo, and tile, BCT is the last word in depot design. Also along the Water Level Route, South Bend (Ind.) Union Station opens, and Cleveland Union Terminal is 95 percent complete. And in southwestern Ohio, ground is broken for one of the greatest Art Deco buildings of any type, Cincinnati Union Terminal. Alas, October's stock market crash helps ensure that the fine new stations will go underutilized until the traffic crush of World War II.

WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD: Though total rail mileage peaked a decade previously, significant new lines are still being constructed. In the U.S., 666 miles of track is laid, including SP's 95-mile Klamath Falls (Ore.)-Alturas (Calif.) line and DT&I's 47-mile Petersburg (Mich.)-Malinta (Ohio) line. Texas leads the states with 159 miles of new routes built. On existing lines, major grade-crossing elimination projects are finished in Philadelphia (PRR and B&O), Baltimore (B&O), and South Bend (NYC/GTW).

KING STEAM: Among the more than 1000 locomotives—all but a few of them steam—built in 1929 are the first Canadian Pacific 2-10-4 Selkirks (below) and the first CP 4-6-4 Hudsons. In the U.S., notable deliveries include 4-8-2's for SP; 4-12-2's for UP; 4-6-4's for Nickel Plate; 2-8-4's for Boston & Maine and Erie; 4-6-2's for Pennsy (the two K5 super Pacifics) and Rutland; and North Western's, Rock Island's, and Rio Grande's first 4-8-4's.



CANADIAN PACIFIC



BIG DIG: On January 12, Great Northern opens its new Cascade Tunnel; at 7.79 miles, it's the longest bore on the continent. The new line, electrified with A.C. catenary, lowers, shortens, and reduces curvature on GN's arduous Stevens Pass mountain crossing in central Washington.

GETTING WIRED: Besides the work at Cascade Tunnel, major electrification projects are under way on the Lackawanna, Reading, Pennsylvania, and Cleveland Union Terminal.

BLUE COMET AND KIN: Little (693-mile) Central Railroad of New Jersey makes big news when it launches a New York-Atlantic City luxury coach train. Painted blue from heavy Pacific to obs car, the *Blue Comet* is an early success, but succumbs after 12 years (it's seen on its last run, September 27, 1941). NYC fields a pair of new coach trains in '29: *Niagara Falls De Luxe* (Chicago-Niagara Falls) and *Motor Queen* (Detroit-Cincinnati).

BIG YEAR IN CANADA: Calling 1929 "one of the busiest and most important years" in its history, Canadian National completes a three-year, 424-mile program of branchline construction in western Canada; also in '29, Parliament authorizes a further 590 miles of CN lines. CP, in addition to fielding two new engine classes (opposite page), opens its \$15 million Royal York Hotel in Toronto.



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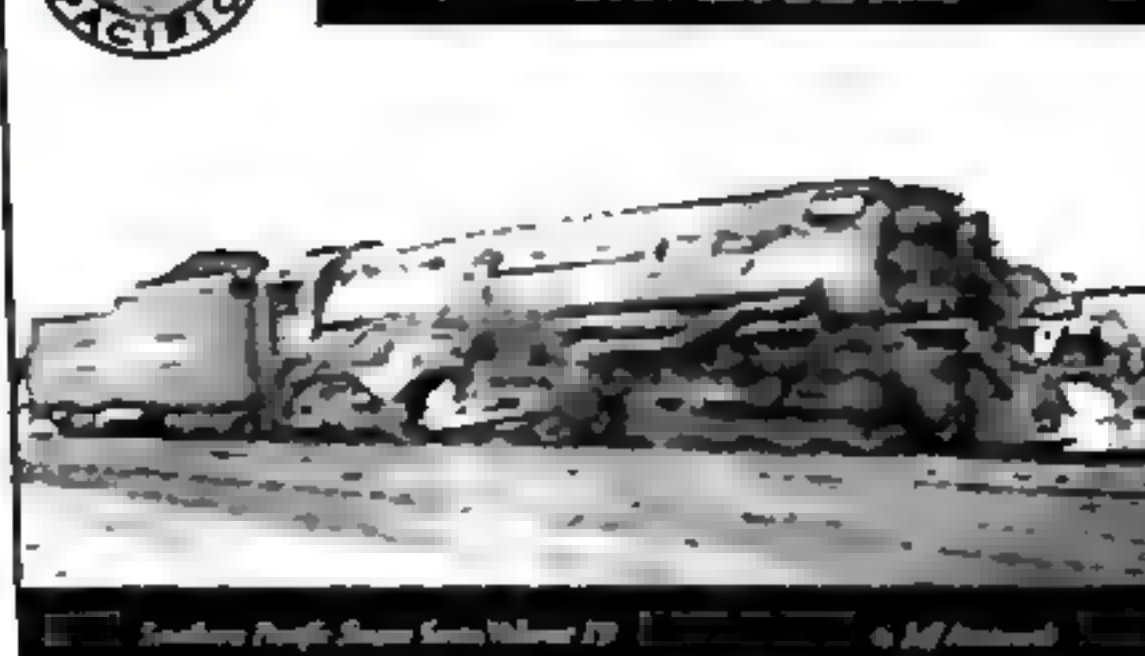
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(Willamette & Pacific)**

This regional railroad is a consolidation of branch lines which began as the W & P. It now operates as the P & W over former SP & BN tracks using brightly painted and older classic SD9's & GP39's. (Anticipated length is two hours, but two tapes may be needed to cover it all.)

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Triple treat at Champaign

A memorable convergence of electric, steam, and diesel

I WAS HEADED for a business conference in St. Louis on the Pennsylvania's *St. Louisan* from Pittsburgh on February 23, 1955. I had left a day early so I could detrain at Terre Haute, Ind., at 4:36 a.m. on the 24th and have a day to rekindle some Milwaukee Road memories near Danville, Ill., and then ride the Illinois Terminal from Champaign to St. Louis. IT had discontinued its Danville-Champaign passenger trains, but a bus was available to close the gap. Like many others, I had ridden the three Insull interurban lines in the



Chicago area, and done so often. Further, I'd grown up on the Rockford, Beloit & Janesville interurban, for which my grandmother worked as the ticket agent at Rockton, Ill. But a chance to ride the famous IT had never come my way until this trip to St. Louis.

The *St. Louisan* arrived in Terre Haute right on time. I tipped the porter, grabbed my bag, and—20 minutes later and at the same station—caught Chicago & Eastern Illinois train 8, the *Georgian*. After arriving in Danville at 6, I got some breakfast, rented a car, and drove to Cheneyville, Ill., just east of Hoopeston, where I'd been project engineer for some new facilities on the Mil-



THREE PHOTOS: WILLIAM H. POLK

IT car 203 and IC 0-8-0 3511 and SW9 9438 made for a memorable afternoon at Champaign, Ill.

waukee's Terre Haute Division in 1943. Back in Danville, I caught a bus to Champaign, for which the fare was just 83 cents!

I took a taxi to the Illinois Terminal station in Champaign, where I found IT car 203, "my wheels" to Springfield, standing one track away from the station (actually Wabash's building, where IT moved when it vacated downtown). I positioned myself to take a photo.

But what's that coming up behind 203? Steam? And it's on 203's track! Oh, thankfully, he's crossing over onto the station track! Boy, oh boy, that steam engine, Illinois Central 0-8-0 3511, is coming right by me! Steam under wire! Reminds me of Avery, Idaho, on the Milwaukee's Lines West! Take a picture!

When the 203 was finished loading express, it pulled ahead onto the station track. But would you believe it? I

looked east and there came Illinois Central SW9 diesel 9438 with two cars on the track the 203 had just vacated!

Electric, yes. But I didn't expect also a steam and diesel show in front of IT's Champaign depot in less than an hour's time that day! Finally, I shot the 203 awaiting its passengers (including me) for our 3 p.m. departure as train 63 for Springfield, where I'd connect with train 97 at 6:50 for St. Louis.

Unfortunately, by Springfield it was too dark to get good pictures of IT's streamlined cars, which I rode to St. Louis, arriving in late evening. But the surprise of seeing three types of motive power belonging to two roads, using the same tracks in Champaign, was the highlight of a long and memorable day.

I was just in time, too, for Illinois Terminal ran its last interurban trains on March 3, 1956.—William H. Polk

Get the old man

On-the-job training for a roundhouse mechanic's helper

WAY BACK IN 1940, I took a fling at railroading. After ditching art school, I went to work for the Alton Railroad at its roundhouse at Glenn Yard in southwest Chicago. My job was mechanic's helper.

One of my duties was to tighten the bolts on locomotive cylinder heads. I attacked the task with vim and vigor and a large wrench, all the time dreaming of my future as a railroader. I applied full torque on a bolt, and *crack!*—the doggone thing broke off flush with the cylinder head.

What to do? I decided to confess my error to my boss, the mechanic. He looked at my achievement and turned to me, saying, "Get the old man."

I was aghast at the possibilities of what he ordered me to do, so I ventured, "Are you telling me to get the old man?"

His reply seemed rather offhand, "Yes, go get the old man, boy."

Better I should not question him further, I thought. I walked to the roundhouse foreman's office, fearing that I might be fired, or worse. Here I was, a new helper, holding up the prog-

ress of getting a locomotive back on the road, and I had to get the old man. And I was sure he wouldn't want me to address him as the "old man."

I knocked on the office door and was called in.

"Sir," I said, "the mechanic wants to see you." I don't exactly recall what he answered, but it was something like, "What does he want me for?"

Putting off the inevitable as long as I could, I replied, "He just told me he wanted you to come see him."

Using certain words I didn't understand too well, the foreman marched to the scene of my disaster and asked, "What do you want?"

"I don't want anything," the mechanic replied.

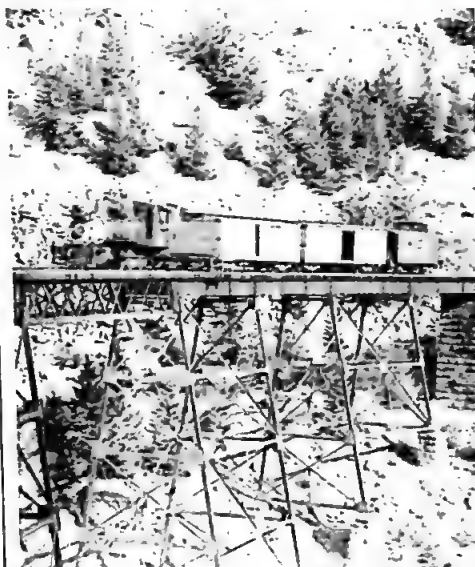
"The kid said you wanted to see me," the foreman retorted.

The reply astounded me: "I don't want to see you."

Both men turned to me, and the mechanic asked, "What did I tell you to do?"

I gulped, and in a rather subdued voice answered, "You told me to get the roundhouse foreman."

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The Way It Was

"That wasn't what I told you. Now what did I tell you?"

This wasn't going well at all. "You told me to . . . get . . . the . . . old . . . man."

Both men howled with laughter. After the laughs subsided, I was introduced to a revelation. The "old man"

was a tool used to drill out broken bolts. After drilling into the body of the bolt, a reverse thread was cut and a left-handed-threaded bolt was used to thread out the offending bolt.

Such was my introduction to the vernacular of railroaders.

Get the old man. I got it! —*Gil Reid*

Not my favorite picture

Learning to love an ordinary yard goat

YOUNGER READERS must wonder why we old-timers gloat over some picture taken during our youth. It's the sentimental attachment and memories of a wonderful period, of course.

My father died when I was 11, and I inherited his Kodak folding camera, which took postcard-size contact negatives. The 122 Verichrome film it used came only six exposures to a roll and strained my meager resources. I was careful to make every shot count.

One of my prime photographic locations was the great Baldwin Locomotive Works at Eddystone, Pa., 3½ miles from our house. The elevated test track provided a great place to shoot the different new locomotives. Since they usually hadn't received their final painting, I sometimes had trouble identifying the purchasing railroad.

Often my grade-school friend, Donnie Rutherford, accompanied me, but

not for the trains so much. Airplanes played the big role in his life, and we would ride our bicycles the additional 4½ miles to Philadelphia's airport and watch the planes take off and land for hours. Donnie joined the Navy after high school and died in a trainer plane accident at the end of World War II.

The Reading Company had a small locomotive terminal at Darby Creek, three-quarters of a mile past the Baldwin property on the way to the airport. This was another good place to stop, since one might see one of the new T-1 4-8-4's, maybe an M-1sb 2-8-2, or a heavy I-10sa 2-8-0.

One humid, exceptionally hot day in August 1942 was a real bummer: no new Baldwin locomotives and nothing

In 1942, for a boy seeking brand-new road power, old Reading Camelback 1323 was nothing special—but would that we could ride her today!



GEORGE GILLESPIE

at Darby Creek. The only locomotive to be seen was a lowly old Reading B-7a 0-6-0 Camelback working a quarter of a mile down the track at the Wanamaker Avenue grade crossing in Essington. I took a picture out of frustration, wondering why I was wasting good money.

Now, nearly 60 years later, I see wonderful things in this photo. There is the bored engineer, whom I had asked to pose on the left side, probably wondering why some crazy kid is taking a picture of his locomotive on such a stinking hot day.

At the time I was disappointed the engineer didn't wave, yet with each passing year I am more pleased he didn't. There's just something special about his expression which a friendly wave would have killed. Back then I thought the open smokestack screen represented careless maintenance, and the light mark on the cab roof annoyed me. Now these are extra touches of interest.

To the kid that was me in 1942, big-

ger was definitely better, but not now. If you asked me today which locomotive I would like to ride, my choice would be this lowly old Reading goat.

—George Gillespie

Cruel and inhuman punishment

Mixing high speed with low drivers on the CN

IN THE 1950's, Canadian National, as a government-owned railroad, was forced to operate many money-losing passenger trains because these trains were the only available mode of transportation in the areas they served. Such was the case with trains 47 and 48, which ran twice a week between Winnipeg and Russell, Manitoba, 175 miles.

On a July day in 1959, train 48 was in the Portage la Prairie station taking water and doing head-end work. The

four-car train was doubleheaded by H-6-g Ten-Wheeler 1389 and M-3-e Consolidation 2174. No. 1389's fireman told me the 2174 was going to Winnipeg for monthly maintenance. He warned me that if I wanted any pictures on the main line between Portage and Winnipeg, I'd better get going, because his engineer was a real ballast-scorcher. He said that they rarely made the flag stops on Thursdays, so they would be doing track speed—60 mph—most of the way.

I asked about the crew on the 2174, which, as a freight engine, had 57-inch drivers. "That engine's a rough-riding kidney-buster, and they're in for a rough ride," noted the fireman with a smile.

I did manage to get a photo of the train out on the line at speed, between Gervais and Fortier. My notes say they were doing about 50 or 60 mph. Ten-Wheeler 1389, with its 63-inch drivers, was rolling significantly. Consol 2174

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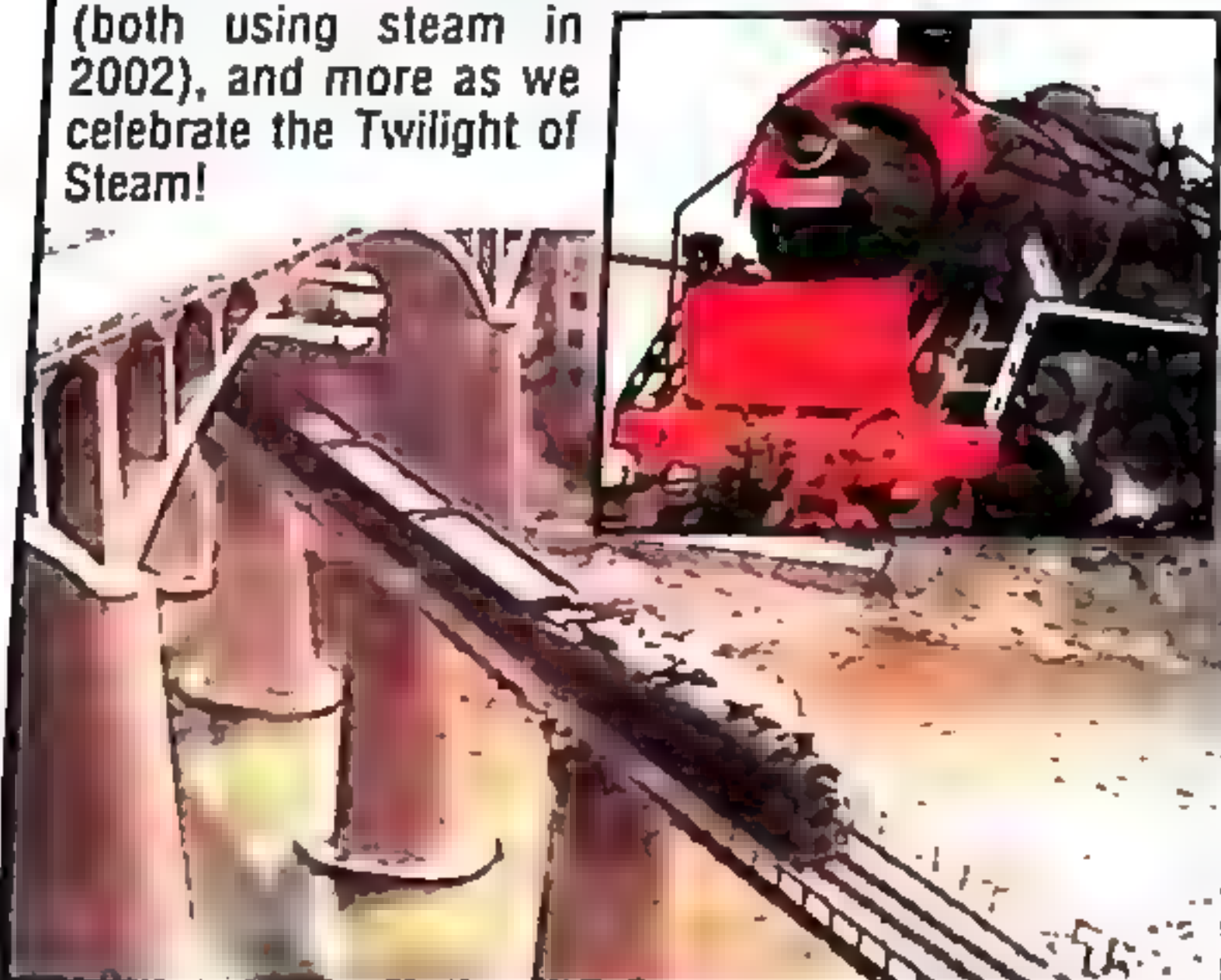


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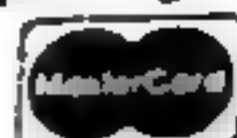
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The Way It Was



Low-driven 2-8-0 2174 struggles to keep up with 4-6-0 1389 on CN train 48 for Winnipeg.

looked like a bucking horse, with the fireman holding on for dear life. This was cruel and inhuman punishment, railroad-style.

—Hal Lewis

End of the line

N&W's *Pocahontas*—and an era—pass

THE AIR WAS CHILLY AND DAMP as I stood beneath the eaves of the weather-beaten depot in Lynchburg, Va. I was waiting for the train that would take me back to Cincinnati one last time. It was April 1971, spring break at the United States Naval Academy, and I was headed home.

It was also the eve of Amtrak. In less than a month's time, almost all long-haul passenger trains in the nation would fall under the auspices of a government-managed corporation whose "pointless arrow" logo seemed to symbolize the uncertain state that rail travel had arrived at by the early 1970's.

The train I was waiting for was not an august streamliner like the *Broadway Limited* or *Super Chief*. Rather, Norfolk & Western No. 3, the *Pocahontas*, was a somewhat pedestrian train covering the nearly 700 miles between Norfolk, Va., and Cincinnati in a sedate 17 hours.

Still, as it trundled into the station already 30 minutes late, its three coaches and dining car beckoned to me as one gestures to an old friend. I had been fascinated by trains since receiving a childhood Lionel set. I grew up watching, photographing, modeling, and riding trains. In the spring of my last year in high school, my family had circumnavigated the West aboard the *North Coast Limited*, *City of Los Angeles*, and *Super Chief* in a "farewell" gesture to me before I entered the Naval Academy in June 1969. Even my departure from the Queen City was by rail, on Chesapeake & Ohio's *George Washington*.

I sensed, in No. 3's warm, brightly-lit interior, a final chance to relive the passion of my youth. I was going home again . . . by train.

Westbound out of Lynchburg I sat in the last coach, anxious to transfer to

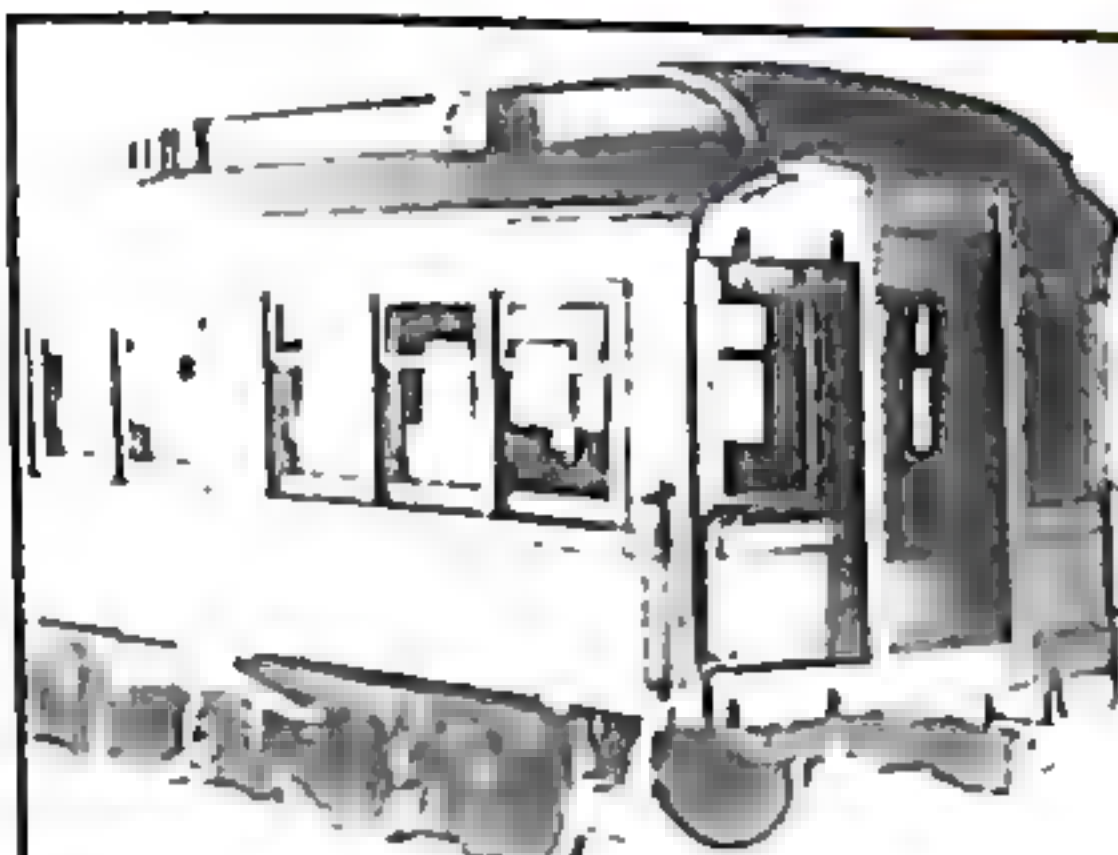


HAL LEWIS

my sleeping car, which would be added at the next stop, Roanoke. Detraining in N&W's headquarters city, I watched with interest as a switch engine backed down to the rear of the train with my "hotel on wheels" for the night, a 10&6 sleeping car with the name *McDowell County* painted in gold across its flank.

As I responded to the carman's gesture and moved toward the sleeper, a porter almost as big as the vestibule itself bound down the steps, expertly placing the stepbox on the station platform. Glancing at my dark blue midshipman's uniform as he checked my ticket, he tipped his hat and pronounced, "Good evening, Admiral!"

I smiled, unfamiliar with such deferential treatment, mistaken or otherwise. Surrendering my sea bag, I followed him up the steps and into *McDowell County*, explaining on the way that I was just a lowly midshipman on spring break, traveling home to Cincinnati. But it seemed not to matter. Grandly waving to my assigned roomette with its hideaway bed, fold-down water basin, and stainless-steel thermos full of ice water, he opined that things



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The Way It Was

had been a lot better when the military routinely rode the trains. The railroad made them keep better time, there was better food in the diner, and so on. But now everybody, in uniform or not, was gone, to cars and planes, and soon he, and No. 3, would be gone too.

I explained to him that I was a long-time railroad enthusiast and did not particularly care if we were on time or that the diner was lacking in epicurean delights. I simply liked trains. He paused for a moment, and then sensing I was serious, launched into a series of tales spanning the decades of his career on the railroad.

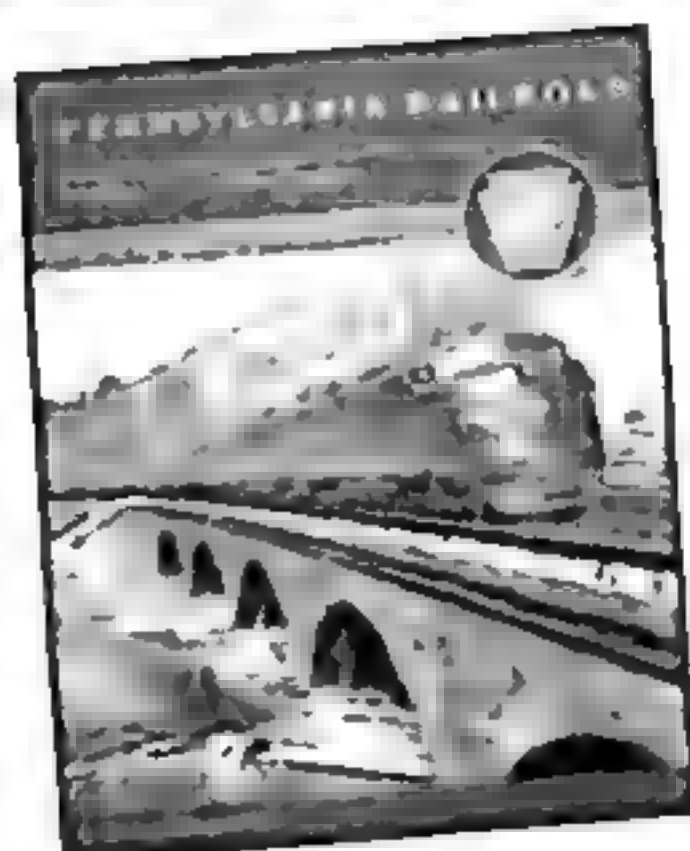
McDowell County was largely empty. So as we rolled and swayed through the night toward Bluefield, the porter continued to spin stories of what it was like when trains were the preferred way of travel in America. Darkening the lights of my roomette, between nodding in agreement or appreciation for his time, I watched the bleak Virginia countryside glide past in the night.

Beyond Roanoke, climbing Christiansburg Mountain, we overtook a train of coal empties. You could feel the engineer up front apply more power as we passed the caboose of the freight, its red marker lights swaying hypnotically in the night. We slowly pulled ahead until, with a final burst of speed and a blinding flash of light from the lead freight locomotive's headlight, we passed the throbbing mass of four diesels struggling to overcome gravity on the mountain grade.

Near midnight somewhere west of Bluefield, I bedded down, secure in the steel cocoon that was McDowell County. With the window shade raised, I watched a world fast asleep pass before me as we wound through rugged river valleys and small hamlets, our locomotive's headlight narrowly illuminating the steeply wooded slopes of southern West Virginia. Outside my door the porter hummed as he shined my shoes, a time-honored custom on sleeping cars.

Morning brought an early wake-up call and the brown hills of southwestern Ohio. I would be home almost an hour late, for No. 3 had slowly fallen further behind schedule throughout the night. But like me, I doubted the hand-

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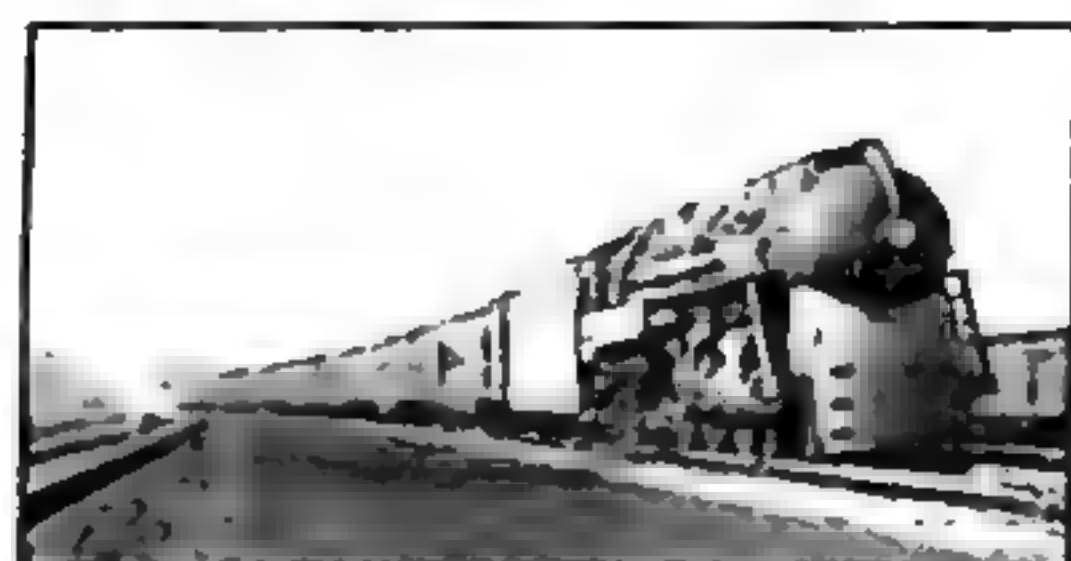
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ful of passengers aboard really cared.

As we pulled into Cincinnati Union Terminal, I glimpsed its hulking half dome looming over a nearly empty concourse below, mute testimony to the passing of an era in transportation. Tipping the porter and exchanging goodbyes, I alighted on the terminal platform to the same damp chill I had left in Lynchburg the night before. Bending to pick up my sea bag, I sensed the porter behind me. With a downcast look he muttered that No. 3 would soon be gone . . . and with it his job . . . and McDowell County . . .

He thrust an object loosely wrapped in newspaper at me, and bounded up the steps back into the car. I did not need to unwrap it. The shape and feel of the stainless-steel Pullman water thermos was apparent.

I never saw N&W No. 3, McDowell County, or the genial porter again.

On May 1, 1971, the first day of Amtrak, the *Pocahontas* made a well-publicized last run. Befitting the occasion, N&W added High Iron Co.'s restored Nickel Plate Road Berkshire 759 to the consist of more than a dozen cars east over the Blue Ridge grade and to Norfolk. Hundreds of railfans and railroad and government VIP's were aboard.

I was not. I was back in Annapolis. The Naval Academy's liberty policy did not permit my observing the "passing of the great trains," as it was termed in the media. Yet the sadness I felt was not due to missing the ceremonies. For before the publicity and farewell speeches I had ridden the "real" No. 3, secure beneath McDowell County's starched sheets and wool Pullman blanket as we wound our way through the hills and valleys of the Virginias.

Instead, the sadness I felt was for an era, a manner of travel, and a man . . . all at the end of the line.

But I had my memories: the gentle swaying of the sleeper, the locomotive headlight piercing the gloom of night, and most of all, a friendly porter telling stories, shining shoes, and calling me "Admiral." And I had—and still have to this day—that stainless-steel water thermos, a shining icon occupying a special place in my memories of yesteryear.

—Rick Wright ■

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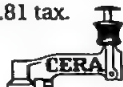
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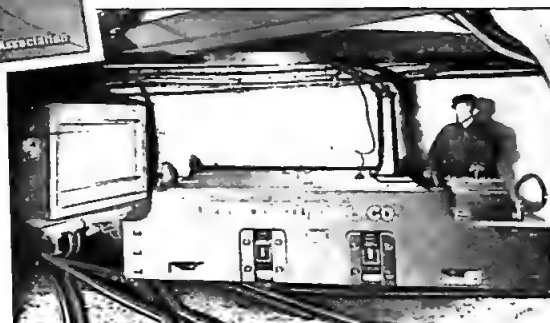
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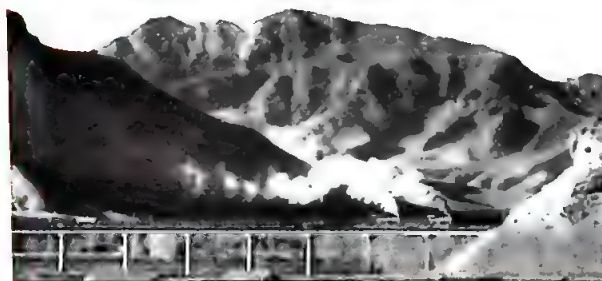
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Second Section

"A creature of perfect simplicity"

Edgemoor & Manetta was the Illinois Midland of South Carolina

SOME OF YOU might recall my mentioning, in "Before There Were Tourist Lines" [pages 46-49, Fall 2000 CLASSIC TRAINS], the miniscule Illinois Midland Railroad, located 60 miles southwest of Chicago in rural Kendall County. Just substitute "textile mill" for "farmers' co-op" as the sponsor, "blankets" for "grain" as the outbound commodity, and *voilà*, the Edgemoor & Manetta is South Carolina's I.M. They were not common carriers (E&M had been until 1948), but employed common motive power—a lone 0-4-0T.

It's been said that things move slower in the South, and that was true for railroad progress in this case, as E&M's teakettle outlasted the Midland's by a couple of decades. In my "Carolina Circle" [pages 60-69], I admitted to being embarrassed about not being ready to watch for the E&M as Seaboard local No. 5 sauntered west.

But, really, how many times have we watched out coach or sleeper windows for the track of a connecting short line at some little town? Dozens. And of all those times, how often have we seen an engine of the short line? Seldom.

But there it was, E&M's 5-spot, waiting as SAL 5 loped out of Edgemoor. It wouldn't have been so embarrassing if I hadn't just read all about the little pike in May 1965 TRAINS [pages 29-30], a one-photo treatise by Michael J. Dunn III. E&M was noteworthy at the time, of course, because it was still all-steam.

"The E&M is a creature of perfect simplicity—and therein lies its charm," he wrote. "It serves but one customer—the textile mill that owns it—and its track arrangement is about as unsophisticated as an elementary HO layout." The pike, which dated from 1902, served Manetta Mills at Lando, 2½ miles from the SAL connection (a hair longer than the Illinois Midland's run from Newark, Ill., to the CB&Q at Millington).

Warren Calloway, my 1966 travel



FRANK BARRY

Engineer William Starnes nurses Edgemoor & Manetta's 1917 Porter 0-4-0T toward the mill at Lando, S.C., with a KCS boxcar on April 5, 1959.

companion for a day with Wiley Bryan, tells me that shortline expert and author Ed Lewis, who today is president of the Aberdeen & Rockfish (ironically a target of ours on that March 1966 weekend), reports that Edgemoor & Manetta suspended operations on July 9, 1975, when the 0-4-0T was condemned. The mill subsequently shut down, but the little railroad, and its engine, remained there, intact, for some time. Strangely, that did not stop the *Official Guide* from continuing the E&M's listing until well into the late 1990's, however.—J.D.I.

On creating that AT&SF waycar

Dave Webb of Protection, Kans., inquired about the technical particulars of Rick Johnson's artwork of the Santa Fe caboose and freight illustrating Charles Lindbergh's "My Big Red School Bus" in our Summer issue [pages 20-21].

"Is the artwork . . . a watercolor, or—as I suspect—a photograph altered with Photoshop's watercolor filter? Either way, it was very effective. . . . Was this a grayscale image that was colored? If so, how (opacity of layers, etc)? What filter settings were used? I've experimented with the filter but haven't had any results as spectacular as this."

Says Johnson, "It was indeed a re-

worked Santa Fe publicity photo, from CLASSIC TRAINS' David P. Morgan Memorial Library files, and I did use Photoshop's Watercolor filter. Shortly after beginning the illustration, I realized that painting over the photo in Photoshop and Corel Painter, as I'd done for MODEL RAILROADER and CLASSIC TOY TRAINS illustrations, was a project that couldn't be done on time and still look halfway decent. So to meet my deadline and to show a sufficient level of detail at that large size, I incorporated the actual photo into the illustration.

"To use the original black-and-white print, I needed first to do some retouching in Photoshop. Part of the caboose was cropped off and needed to be painted back in; the car and the train consist needed to be back-dated to the period of the story; and two crewmen and a pole had to be removed. I also needed to add a couple freight cars to the train.

"When the photo was retouched, I repurposed what I had started as an underpainting as a colorization layer for the grayscale photo. I duplicated the colored photo as a new layer and applied the Watercolor filter with the brush detail set to about 4, the shadow intensity at 0, and texture at 1. Too much of the caboose was lost in the stylization, though, so I set the layer's opacity to 50 percent to blend the painting with the photo. The color was still dull, so I duplicated the watercolor layer and set its mode to Overlay. This intensified

the color to look more like transparent watercolor washes, but it still needed a hand-painted look, so I added the blue swooshes for the sky in Painter."

Classic-era lensmen gather

What is believed to be the greatest gathering ever of classic-era railroad photographers took place May 2-5 in Harrisburg, Pa., at the Pennsylvania Railroad Technical & Historical Society's annual convention. All have been published extensively in our sister magazine, TRAINS, since the 1940's, and most have appeared in CLASSIC TRAINS.

Receiving special honors were master PRR photographer Don Wood and color-slide pioneer Bob Malinoski. Other big names in attendance included J. Parker Lamb, William D. Middleton, Jim Shaughnessy, Richard Steinheimer and his wife and fellow photographer Shirley Burman, Herb Harwood, and Jim Boyd. Also present was artist Gil Reid, honored at the 2001 PRRT&HS meeting. Representing a younger generation of lensmen were Ted Benson and Greg McDonnell.

It was a memorable weekend for the invited photographers, some of whom had never met, as well as the roughly 350 convention attendees. ■

Among the classic-era "big names" at Harrisburg were (top row, from left) photographers Shaughnessy, Middleton, Steinheimer, and Benson; and (bottom row) Malinoski, Wood, Lamb, and Boyd.



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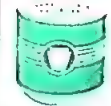


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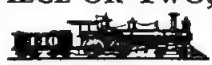
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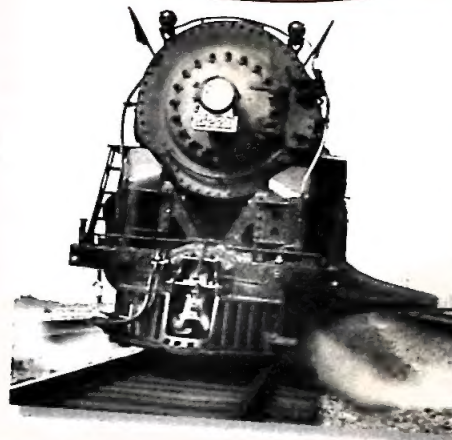
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Bates Publishing	85
Bytown Railway Society	15
Cape Ann Train Company	88
Carl Loucks	6
Catenary Video Productions	16
Central Electric Railfans	93
Chione, Al	13
Classic Toy Trains Magazine	94
Classic Trains Magazine	19, 97
Daylight Sales	6
Dream Trains	2
Four Ways West	12
Heimbürger House Publishing	11
Herron Rail Video	100
Hilton Publications	18
Johnson, Mark	18
Little River Locomotive Company, Inc.	91
Machines of Iron	87
McMillan Publications	17
Mileposts Publishing Company	15
Model Railroader Magazine	94
Monte Vista Publishing	85
N&W Historical Society	7
Nickel Belt Rails	18
NRHS	10
NRHS Atlanta Chapter	11
Pine Tree Press	12
Pixels Publishing	15
Rail Plaque	16
Rail Study Tours International	93
Railroad & Heritage Museum	16
Railway & Locomotive Historical Society	18
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